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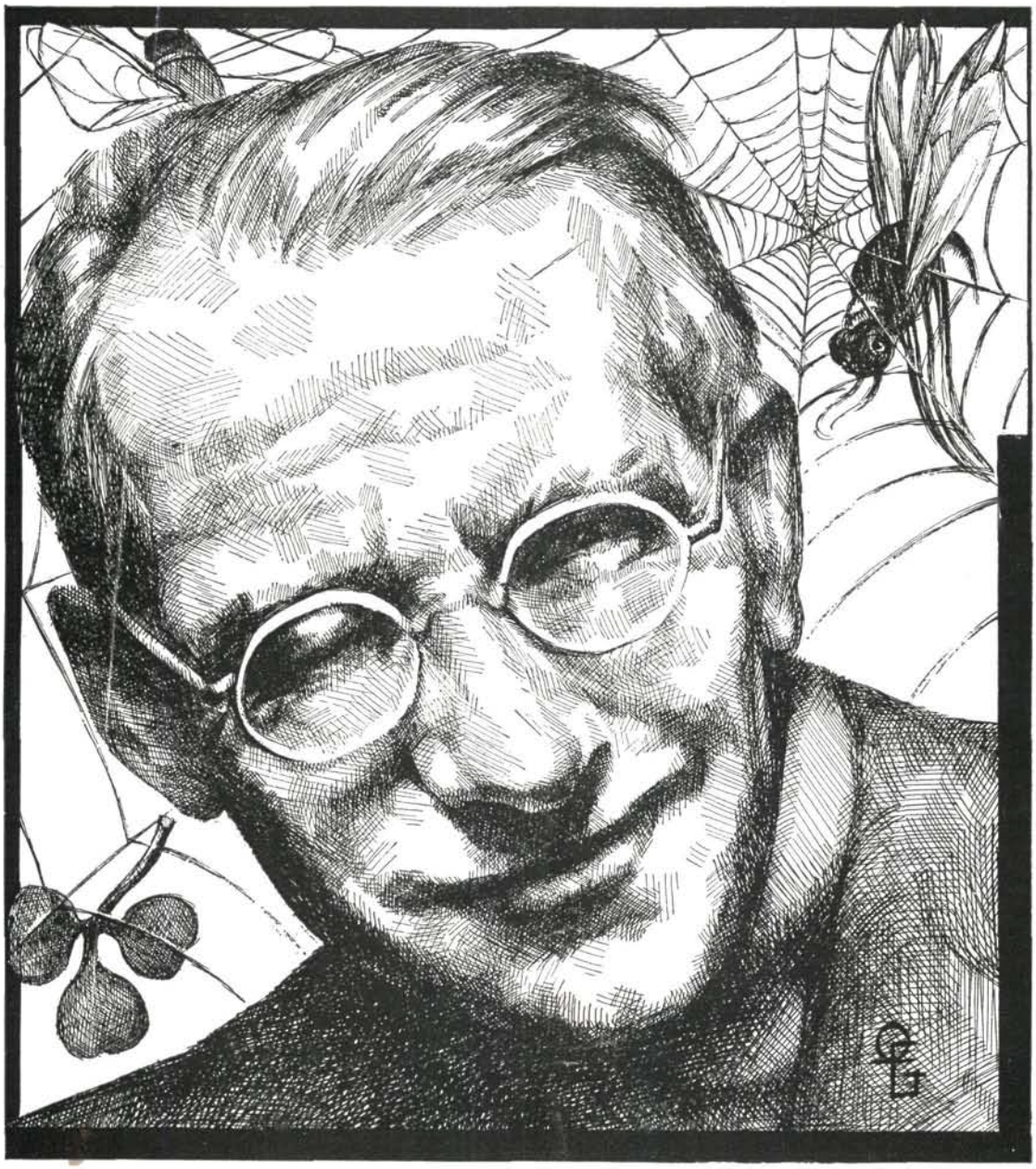

Sean O'Casey, author of "Drums Under the Windows." (See Page 7)

The Monkey and the Sun

By FRANCIS HACKETT

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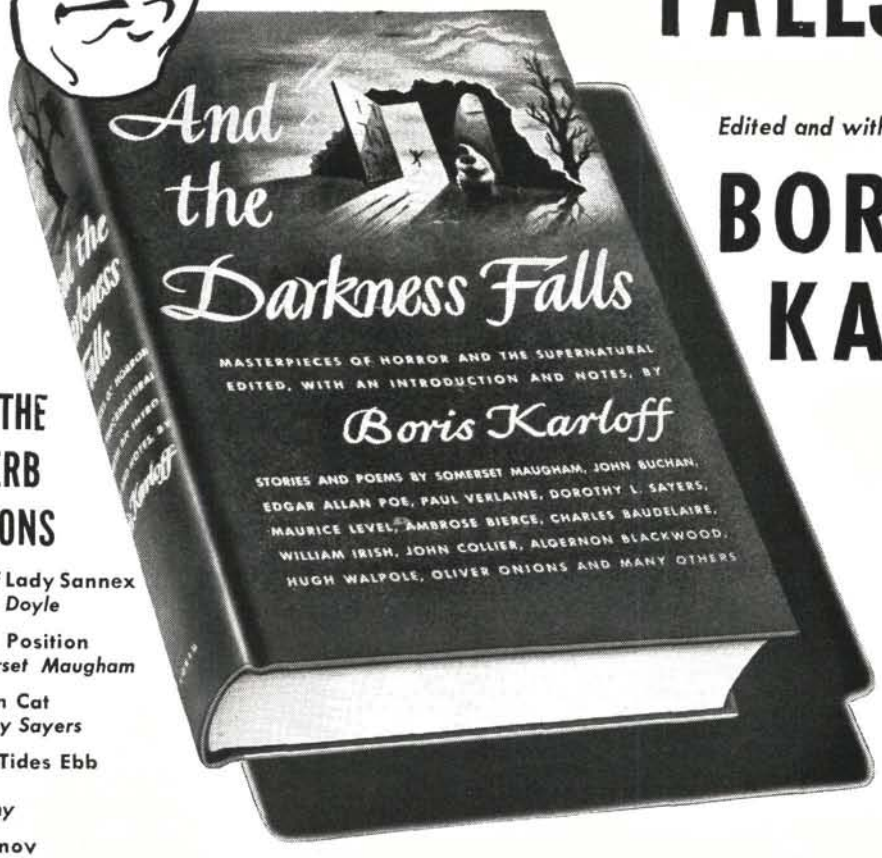
AND THE DARKNESS FALLS!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MASTERPIECES OF HORROR AND THE SUPERNATURAL
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Boris Karloff
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This Week

Cover Drawing by Frances O'Brien Garfield

Article

PAGE

THE MONKEY AND THE SUN..... 5
By Francis Hackett

Reviews

DRUMS UNDER THE WINDOWS
By Sean O'Casey
Reviewed by Frank J. Hynes..... 7

PROPHETS AND PEOPLES
By Hans Kohn
Reviewed by Alfred McClung Lee.... 8

STALIN: AN APPRAISAL OF THE MAN AND HIS INFLUENCE
By Leon Trotsky
Reviewed by Eduard C. Lindman.... 9

PEACE, SECURITY AND THE UNITED NATIONS
A Symposium
Reviewed by Thomas Finletter.....10

DICKENS, DALI AND OTHERS
By George Orwell
Reviewed by Eric Bentley.....11

PALESTINE: PROBLEM AND PROMISE
By Robert R. Nathan
Reviewed by Frank Gervasi.....12

TORRENTS OF SPRING
By Robert Payne
Reviewed by Harrison Smith.....13

THUS FAR AND NO FURTHER
By Rumer Godden
Reviewed by Rosemary Carr Benét..14

PASSAGE FROM HOME
By Isaac Rosenfeld
Reviewed by Harold Fields.....14

THE TWINS OF NUREMBERG
By Hermann Kesten
Reviewed by F. C. Weiskopf.....15

SLOW WALL
By Leonora Speyer
Reviewed by Robert Hillyer.....17

GUSTAV MAHLER: MEMORIES AND LETTERS
By Alma Mahler
Reviewed by Nathan Broder.....18

THE TRUTH ABOUT UNIONS
By Leo Huberman
Reviewed by Mark Starr.....20

THE MESSENGER—THE LIFE OF MOHAMMED
By R. V. C. Bodley
Reviewed by Edward J. Jurji.....21

FLEET AGAINST JAPAN
By Fletcher Pratt
Reviewed by Ron Schiller.....22

Departments

LITERARY CRYPT 17
LITERARY I.Q.....19
THE ATOMIC AGE
By John A. Siemes, S. J.....24
STRICTLY PERSONAL
By Thomas Sugrue.....26
EDITORIAL 28
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....29
TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf.....32
SEEING THINGS
By John Mason Brown.....34
THE NEW RECORDINGS.....39
THE CRIMINAL RECORD.....42
THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét.....46
DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 633.....50

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Lillian Grannon, Assistant Treasurer; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director. Subscriptions $5 a year; $6 in Canada and other countries; $4 for service men. At least 3 weeks notice required for change of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXIX. No. 19, May 11, 1946. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue, Copyright, 1946, by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

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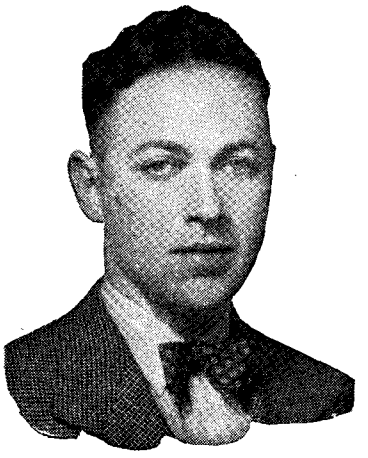

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has brought to a Broadway surfeited with glib but essentially vapid plays an exciting new talent that has revived the hope that poetry can exist on the American stage. For those who found *The Glass Menagerie* a great experience, New Directions has published a collection of Williams' one-act plays under the title of

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NEW DIRECTIONS
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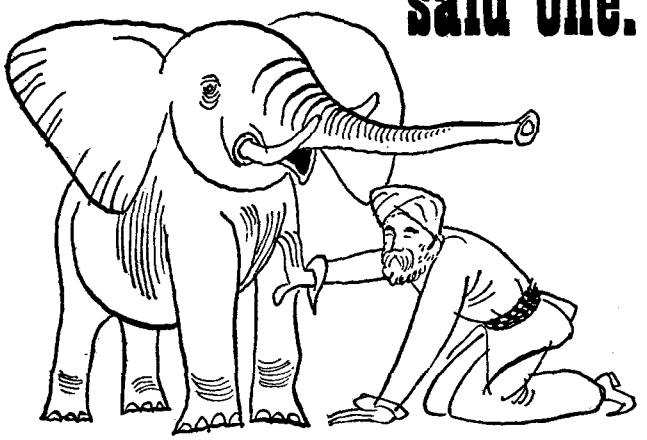
"It's like a tree," said one.



THERE ARE many ways to find out about India, her past and her possible future, just as there were many ways for the blind men to describe the elephant. Opinion on India, like that on beauty, seems to vary with the eye of the beholder. Attitudes range from that of the pukka sahib to that of the lad just back from the CBI theatre of operations. One man's Gandhi is another man's Jinnah, and there are probably as many panaceas as there are dialects with weird and wonderful names. To form a sound base for sound thinking on how to cure this sore spot on the earth, we give you RESTLESS INDIA by Lawrence K. Rosinger.

In something over a hundred pages, Mr. Rosinger has prepared a brief, concise, and unbiased report on the elements with which the Mahatma, Nehru, Jinnah, and the current British Cabinet mission have to deal. As Far Eastern expert of the Foreign Policy Association, Mr. Rosinger's books on China should be known to you, and RESTLESS INDIA initiates the trade publication by Henry Holt and Company of the Association's Headline Series which have previously been distributed almost entirely to members.

Here is this land, this India. Here is a land which is rich but whose people are poor. Here is a land with the fourth largest railway system in the world, but filled with thousands of villages poorly linked. Here rivers overflow one season, dry up the next, a land of paradox where even the capital city of Delhi has a New Delhi and an Old. Here, as Mr. Rosinger points out, is a land which it once took two months to reach. Now, by plane, it takes a week to arrive at that triangular peninsula which holds one out of every five persons in the world.

Mr. Rosinger, incidentally, is on his way back to the Far East now. When we saw him a few weeks ago he posed this singular problem: if you were faced with the prospect of crossing the Pacific on a cargo boat, with limited baggage space, what books would you take? If such a problem did face us, heaven alone knows what our final selection would be, but if we were going to India we'd re-read Mr. Rosinger's book. There, in camera-clear focus, the different religions, political parties, plans, and leaders all are given their due, both long-range and close-up. Chapter headings will suggest something of the ground he covers: The Country and the People, The Glory of Old India, the Indian Peasant, Modern Industry and City Life, Britain and India, How India is Governed, Toward Independence, and India in World War II. And for those who were taught to go back to "primary sources" the Documentary Appendix will be good pickings. Here are the Cripps Proposals, on which the high hopes of the democratic world were centered in 1942. Here are the Congress Party's answer and the Moslem League's answer, both dated the 11th of April and indicating that they *can* cooperate on some things. In August 1942 the All-India Congress said its say, reprinted here. In 1943 President Roosevelt wanted some inside information, and what his personal ambassador, William Phillips, wrote is included for the curious reader. There is the statement of Prime Minister Clement Attlee, broadcast in September 1945, pledging the British Government to do "their utmost" to work with a unified India on an acceptable constitution. Finally, there is the Congress Election Manifesto, dated a month after Mr. Attlee's statement, and saying that "only one thing counts: the freedom and independence of our motherland, from which all other freedoms will flow to our people."

So that is the background, which is what the Foreign Policy Association's Headline Series presents. From there on in, the reader is on his own. As for Lawrence K. Rosinger, Far Eastern expert, he has made his selection of reading matter. Last seen, he was gathering that limited luggage—a new raincoat, new shoes, and three books: WAR AND PEACE, PICKWICK PAPERS, and THUCYDIDES.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Monkey and the Sun

FRANCIS HACKETT

IT is astonishing how many writers are using "individual" or "individualist" as a term of reproach. When the rugged individualist was in fashion, it was the other way round. Men gloried in it. Now the mark of the beast is on it. One writer speculates on man's "individualist or competitive habits" as though every individual must be a selfish one. Another writer tells how Americans "were taught to become individualists, rugged individualists, gadgeteers, selfish, pleasure-loving," and, by inference, lone wolves, anti-social and predatory. Since the Russian Revolution, it is probably correct to say, this good old brownstone word inhabits a neighborhood that falls behind the times. Newcomers have to be observant to see that it was once respectable. Now it is shabby on the face of it. Soon it will be shady. Then it may be officially condemned.

Of course it can bear a low interpretation, but is it the only one? When a civilized man says, "My home is my castle," he obviously is no collectivist, but he does not really mean that he refuses to let the gas-meter be inspected or intends to shoot callers at sight. He is emphasizing that there is a privacy, an independence, that is intensely precious and must not be invaded. The ultimate value of private ownership, in this aspect, is not that it enables him to be aggressive, competitive, but that it secures for him that subtle privilege, the right to be and to consult himself. Gregarious and social he has to be, if the self is not diseased, but society is his means to an honest individual end; he wants above all a social system that has "reverence for the individual human life" at the center of it. The more individuals there are, in this sense of individuated and highly developed persons, the better—the better for society, for life, and for happiness. And who but pronouncedly "anti-social" individuals (saints, artists, and revolutionaries) have striven for the multitude, though themselves to be kicked out, to end on the cross, or to be assassinated? The herd is in fact more the enemy

of society than is the individual. The herd betrays itself by not respecting the rights of individuals. The true individual has at once to concern himself with society and endlessly assert himself against it. He has to be no less dissociated than associated.

All of this bears on Virgil Jordan's recent pamphlet, "Manifesto for the Atomic Age." This pamphlet is a sincere, troubled, and instructive attempt, couched in grave terms, to assert the rights of the individual but at the same time to jumble up the individual with free enterprise. In thus playing into the hands of those who say "basically individualist and competitive," Mr. Jordan seems to me to injure the cause he espouses, which is "reverence for the individual." And this line of thought can only be straightened out by asking what we think Americans are driving at and what America exists for.

Our chief danger, as Mr. Jordan sees it, is that mankind, already tending toward what he calls "unlimited" or autocratic government, is now about to cease free enterprise because of applied atomic energy, and to attach itself to the state like Romulus and Remus to the wolf. Since he ascribes our strength as individuals to the practice of free enterprise, Mr. Jordan feels like holding tight to it. He dreads a rain of manna from heaven, though he does not deny that it will come. "We can now make anything—materials, machines and energy—out of anything or nothing, anywhere in the world, in any amount, almost without measurable cost." But this will inevitably wipe out "the monetary, financial, or acquisitive incentives to work, thrift, enterprise, saving, investment, and ownership of property." And how then can our home be our castle? Mr. Jordan is frozen by the prospect of goods as free as water, services as free as air, but publicly owned. It is as if he had to spend the rest of his life playing cards in a sanitarium for chips that would have no value.

The odd thing is this, Mr. Jordan values the true individual. He cites Pico della Mirandola (or J. P. van Mirandola if he prefer), who derived from Plotinus and Plato. And Mr. Jordan seeks in Kant the sense of the unique reality of the individual. America sanctions this ideal. It has personified it in the embracing independence of Abraham Lincoln, in the hairsplitting integrity of Thoreau, in the insurgence of Mark Twain or Walt Whitman. Here are American separatisms sharp as stars in the blue of the flag. But Mr. Jordan intertwines this ideal of the individual with the competitiveness that stems from the machine age and business enterprise, the profit system, and so-called "limited" government.

MR. JORDAN could only reach this confusion by accepting materialist history, a history that ignores the psychological sources of democracy.

To magnify his America of business enterprise, he postulates that up to two hundred years ago this was an unhappy world for the common man, its grimness virtually unrelieved until the Industrial Revolution. Men in general were beasts of burden, dependent on human and animal muscle power—and anyone who has recently had to put chains on his car by himself knows what Mr. Jordan means by animal muscle power. He makes the Past completely beastly—no cartwheels, no waterwheels, no windmills, no sails on ships, no canals, no catapults or pulleys or levers or gunpowder, just blood and sweat and

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tears, no Royal Societies or Academies of Science, a sort of hydrocephalic Europe that was mechanically imbecile and despicable, with a back curtain of unlimited government and Divine Right, of serfdom and slavery. "Perhaps the only salvation or escape" for the common man was "in some hereafter which their priests or their prophets promised them." Religion as opium.

This is quite a favorite myth at present. It accounts in part for the antipathy that Britain, France, and Italy (not machine-age Germany) promptly excited in hosts of American soldiers. By hook or crook some of our museum directors may want for their galleries the pictures produced in this hell on earth, but Mr. Jordan has to remind us that the beauty was a snare, the plumbing no good, and the service underpaid. Mont St. Michel whispered disturbingly to Henry Adams but says nothing audible to Mr. Jordan.

His picture of civilization is exceedingly simplified. William of Orange and Oliver Cromwell are not in it. He sees the power and superstition of "unlimited" government as being broken by the Industrial Revolution. He affirms the contrast in order to indicate that with the machine age came a system of cash remuneration for effort, and cash remuneration is assumed to be a real measure of social worth. The Goulds, the Fisks, the Vanderbilts, the Morgans are all seen in glowing light. Business enterprise was thus the true friend of individualism as Pico della Mirandola phrased it. The individual flowered in an economy of scarcity. He grew in "self-reliance, personal integrity, independence, enterprise, competitive effort, and reverence for the individual human life." But now the atomic age, controlled by the state, comes along to atomize the individual.

THE retort is obvious. John D. atomized his competitors, being more rugged than they were. All monopolists atomize. Judge Gary, "Divine Right" Baer, George Pullman, were paying fourteen dollars a week more or less for an eighty-hour week. Reverence for the individual human life? If we cast back, not to Gene Debs, but to Bryan skywriting about "the cross of gold," the case cannot be argued. Theodore Roosevelt broke away from Henry Cabot Lodge not because T. R. was a rampant radical or a "traitor to his class" but because he was alive to a mounting threat of world revolution. Lenin stood in the wings. He was to wrench Russia from those who had pulverized labor. That labor was to swap masters and in turn to be pulverized by Lenin was evident to a social democrat. A new book, "Social Democracy versus Communism," selected from the latest writings of Karl Kautsky (1854-1938), shows clearly the dire tendency to atomize what is latent in Communism as well as in capitalism. But Mr. Jordan shows no awareness of this anti-individual tendency in capitalism.

Nor does he realize that the original emphasis of the American Revolution was primarily on the individual in a free harmonious society that did not predicate the machine age. America started with a galaxy of individuals. They emphasized union among themselves but separatism from the old authority. They believed

that the main thing to be said for a democracy was that it would enable people to be individual.

This abides in two germinal phrases, "the pursuit of happiness" and "the consent of the governed." Happiness was an individualist conception. So was consent. The suffrage was inevitably extended to every individual as such, against property prejudice, race prejudice, sex prejudice. It was another means for the individual's fulfilling his real preferences, and presupposes an individual who knows whom and what he likes. The thing you like is the thing that conforms to you, not the thing authoritatively prescribed to you. The "lich" is the form, the shape, the trunk. The "fat and liking soil" of Normandy was the soil that favored growth, the pleasant and congenial soil. Such was the glorious promise that America held out to the individual.

America's long suit, as against traditional royal Europe, was the special facility it gave to those who would work their way. American historians, Charles Beard among them, are quite prone to see Europe as a wicked grandpa only too happy to warm his withered shanks at the American oil-heater, but at the same time that they decry oligarchic Europe the best of them do not remain mute about native oligarchy. The democrat conspicuously renounced feudalism, hereditary titles, and primogeniture, but he did not for a moment renounce business enterprise or the new privilege and the new serfdom to which it inevitably tended.

THIS point, missed or elided by Virgil Jordan, is inexorably brought home by Joseph Dorfman in his recent indispensable work, "The Economic Mind in American Civilization, 1606-1865," and we may be sure that attentive Russian critics of democracy, as Mr. Jordan conceives it, have a lively appreciation of it. The spiritual element that was original in America is put in jeopardy by omnivorous commerce. Modern America that aims at economic justice has had to be tough with commerce and remains in its greatest danger from the unbridled commercial spirit.

American cities, to be sure, were laid out with a rigid rationality that was a concession to commerce by its bleak engineers, but democracy was imbibed in older cities, cities that followed the river beds, the hill contours, and the casual elms. The machine age was a late arrival and its prowess was notoriously abhorrent to Jefferson.

Jefferson thought of all-round and rounded individuals. He did not think moral personality could be subdivided and he did not hail one-piece occupations. "Reverence for the individual human life" was a reality for him. He did not shut his eyes to the regimentation required by machine-tending, with the children of "free enterprise" employed in shifts, canning one thing and another to the limit of their powers and then spending free time eating out of cans, drinking out of cans, listening out of cans, watching canned entertainment,

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 632)

HILTON BROWN:

RUDYARD KIPLING

In the radiance of Kipling's stars we will splash resignedly through the miriest of his puddles; and there is . . . so much less mud than starlight. . . . No man has so much and so unjustly been reckoned by his failures as has Kipling been.

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devouring canned jokes or canned political spam or canned columnists, daily canned into subways for transit, born in canneries, housed in canneries, shopping in a chain cannery, taken to a big cannery for an operation and to a private cannery in the end.

Mr. Dorfman's two volumes suggest the crippling of "social justice" by the system that Mr. Jordan takes quite uncritically. "Freedom and individualism," Mr. Dorfman asserts in his conclusion, have been viewed in America not in the light of Pico della Mirandola but "within the specific framework of commerce and finance." The humanist conception has "had a terrific struggle to attain a toehold," and while "here and there through the chinks of commerce flashed the flame of idealism and human passion, and the authentic voice of democracy strained through the hardness of social stratification," its values have never distinguished America.

An illustration of the blind competitiveness inherent in the commercial mind can be found in Mr. Jordan's own pages where he intimates that America "must be prepared to support out of its immense productive resources" the economically inferior peoples, the insolvent collectivisms, and all the other countries that are bankrupt. On this point he is not only in conflict with himself but he asserts democratic superiority on the false ground of capitalistic prowess. If the age of alchemy is here, as he says, America cannot hog it. Mr. Jordan cannot vaunt the advantages of scarcity and at the same time admit that abundance is within reach.

But are we such monkeys that we cannot use abundance in accord with the insights of American democracy? By agreeing on a yardstick for all peoples in the world such as "reverence for the individual human life," we must honestly concede where both our own system and the Russian system fall short.

Scientists are technically capable of reaching into the atom for unfathomable and irrepressible sources of energy, and this can free capitalists and Communists alike from reducing politics to a scuffle about the ways and means by which to subsist. Drudgery can be cut down. Most men have had to dig for their lives since Adam, but this is now avoidable. The hazards of coal mines, with families on the soiled brink of black cavities asking the toll at the "front"—these can be struck out. Power can be tapped as we tap water. We can free the earth from class struggle, from the dwarfing vicissitudes of poverty, from the warping of individuality by mass

(*Continued on page* 45)

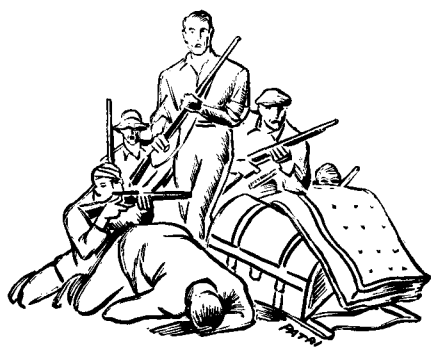
O'Casey at the Bat for Erin

DRUMS UNDER THE WINDOWS. By Sean O'Casey. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1946. 431 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by FRANK J. HYNES

DUBLIN must have been an exciting place in which to live, during the years 1902 to 1916. Douglas Hyde was lending his gentle scholarship to the Gaelic League in an effort to give Ireland back her language and culture. Arthur Griffith was formulating his program for Sinn Fein, based on the experience of Hungary, advocating the doctrine of self-help on the economic lines laid down by the German economist, List. James Connolly had about given up hope of forming an Irish Socialist Republican Party, but out of it came the Irish Citizens Army. The Abbey Theatre was beginning to make literary history. Asquith gave Ireland a national university offering Irish Catholics their first opportunity for higher education. Dr. Michael O'Hickey, professor of Irish at Maynooth College, was dismissed after a heated controversy with the bishops for insisting that Irish be made an essential language study in the new university. Mobs rioted in the streets after the first performance of Synge's "Playboy of the Western World" at the Abbey. The Volunteer Army was organized with Countess Markiwiecz as one of its leaders. Jim Larkin called a strike of the Irish Transport Workers Union with violent results. The combined forces of the Irish Citizens Army and the Irish Volunteers seized the Dublin post office in an effort to free Ireland from the British yoke. The fiasco of Easter Week, 1916, resulted in the execution of Padraic Pearse, James Connolly, and many other noble dreamers.

To appreciate thoroughly Sean O'Casey's "Drums Under the Windows," a familiarity with these events and movements is essential. They furnish the background and foreground of his personal and family history in this, the third volume of his autobiography. O'Casey is no mere factual reporter or obvious interpreter of current events, but a creative literary artist seeing life through the mind's eye. His impressions are often expressionistic; he experiments with structural innovations and is not unaware of the value of "free association" techniques. His approach is frequently oblique, his symbolism recondite, but his vision is always surcharged with great imaginative power.



He is as fond of literary allusions as James Joyce. Joyce was academic and classical in his allusiveness, while O'Casey, whose muse is proletarian, uses the titles of popular Irish songs, poems, and ballads. Battalions of these allusions march through his pages with all the lilt, color, and dash of a St. Patrick's Day parade. Those who decry the pun will be chagrined at its devastatingly satirical effectiveness in the hands of this Molière of the Dublin slums. The pun, when loaded with wit and rightly aimed, can be a deadly weapon.

O'Casey's personal history is one of tragic struggle against disease and poverty in an environment sordid and hostile. That he emerged from such wretchedness a world famous dramatist is one of the greatest triumphs of the human spirit in our time.

We find him at the opening of the book a navvy, wearily swinging pick and shovel on the railway. Soon his brother, Tom, becomes ill and dies. A little later his brother-in-law goes insane and almost murders his wife (O'Casey's sister, Ella). Not long after, Ella dies. These scenes are moving and tender and disclose a pathos and pity as fine as anything in the great Russian novelists. The passion for the rights of man is O'Casey's strongest emotion. His championship of the cause of Dr. Michael O'Hickey (to whom the book is dedicated) brings out all his fiery indignation, bitter irony, and wit as sharp as a Fenian's pike. His flights into fantasy are many, the most striking being his trip to the Garden of Eden to get the lowdown on Adam and Eve; crackling humor and twinkling imagery redeem its palpable absurdity.

Like all true Irishmen, Sean (he refers to himself in the third person throughout the book) is never happier than when differing with someone about something. That he differed with Gaelic Leaguers, Sinn Feiners, the Roman Catholic hierarchy, capitalists, and reactionaries in general goes without saying, and it is these differences that inspire

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some of his best satirical digs and most mocking jibes.

The grandest comic scene in the book is his description of the hullabaloo made over the use of the word "shift" (a lady's undergarment) in Synge's "Playboy of the Western World." The verdant drollery of "Juno and the Paycock" is the only comparison befitting it. Satire, pungent and potent as Kate Kearney's mountain dew, gives tang and savor to many a drab and dreary moment in O'Casey's sad story. Even his confinement in a hospital with a tubercular gland gives occasion for the exercise of this enlivening gift. The events that led up to the tragedy of Easter week are graphically set down in the closing chapters of the book, and students of the modern drama will find here the genesis of the greatest play to come out of the Irish Rebellion, "The Plough and the Stars." The gallant, noble madness of the siege of the post office and the aftermath of executions bring the book to a dramatic end.

The Age of Nationalism

PROPHETS AND PEOPLES. By Hans Kohn. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1946. 213 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ALFRED MCCLUNG LEE

IN THIS most recent of his many books on nationalism, Hans Kohn still neglects the basic problems connected with recounting the history of an idea. In other words, he fails to come to terms with the fundamental question: What is the social role of a prominent political idea? Upon the basis of inappropriate and inadequate evidence, he assumes that he already knows the answer, even though he made similar assumptions in such previous works as "The Idea of Nationalism." Otherwise how can he make such statements as that "in the nineteenth century the European society and the European mind lost the oneness of the preceding age and dissolved into conflicting groups and culture patterns"? The "oneness" of any period in European history, even the thirteenth century, was superficial and illusory, and the lack of conflict between "groups and culture patterns" was due to lack of contact rather than lack of cultural differentiation.

In "Prophets and Peoples," Kohn continues his intellectual jaunts about the earth both in space and in time in pursuit of what he regards as the history of his pet idea, nationalism. If he had written his scholarly historical works on such a wide range of nations without the benefit of his single integrating principle, he would be accused of spreading himself too thin, of writing without adequate understanding. Such is the value of being a historian of ideas rather than a mere historian.

"Prophets and Peoples" contains a series of studies in "nineteenth century nationalism" which Kohn originally delivered as the Norman Wait Harris Lectures at Northwestern University in July 1945. In them, he digests pertinent political theories of J. S. Mill, Jules Michelet, Giuseppe Mazzini, Heinrich von Treitschke, and Fyodor M. Dostoievsky as a means of explaining "the character of Europe's leading nations as a background for an understanding of their policies in modern times." The five "prophets" of nationalism were not selected "because they were the greatest or wisest men in their own fields or in their own time . . . but because each of them made a highly significant contribution to the understanding of nationalism and helped to shape the age of nationalism."

Kohn does not regard nationalism as an unmixed evil. He points, for instance, to the way in which the "age of nationalism" has stressed "national pasts and traditions against the rationalism of the eighteenth century with its emphasis on the common sense of civilization. This historical perspective has enriched man's understanding of himself, for history is the unalterable background of human life." It apparently does not occur to Kohn that to speak of history as "the unalterable background of human life" is to give man's faulty records of his past a validity and absolute quality that goes far beyond sensible claims for them. He further emphasizes this anti-scientific mysticism by telling how the "British and American peoples, in their eighteenth-century optimism and their trust in common sense, often miss the impact of history because they have short memories." "Other nations," he admits, however, "miss the opportunities of life because they have too long memories and lose themselves in the tragic implications of 'destiny.'"

Perhaps the shortcomings of Kohn's treatment are most evident in his analysis of the prophetic roles of his writers. If he had used "prophet" exclusively in the sense of one who speaks for others, he would have been on safe enough ground, but he also uses it in the sense of one who has foresight, who can "offer a guide amid the growing complexities and changes which have developed since their time and of which they forewarned." The selected predictions of the writers are for the most part set forth in such general terms that interpretation can make them look accurate. For example, Kohn makes something of Mazzini's prediction in 1871 of "the basic principles of the modern League of Nations," an organization recently replaced by the United Nations.

Perhaps ideas have a superorganic "life" of their own, independent of the minds which carry them, and with tyrannical powers over mankind. Modern studies of social movements and of the formation of public opinion tend to relegate ideas and idea-creators to less powerful roles and to point to the determining character of changes in basic life-conditions.

Scientific School

By Dorothy Alyea

OBSTINATE face, in spite of all I say,
You are there; force, spirit, will, or flesh and blood,
Crossing my life, mocking the words I say,
Dark with controlled and stubborn rectitude.
Not that you turn on me as on the rest
Your passionate argument and stormy eyes,
But sit there quietly and from your breast
Pull out your watch upon the words I prize.

You bring to nothing all my large ambition
To struggle with the cabalistic pen
Since poetry will never pay tuition
Into the modern school of thought where men
Survey this pigeon-cote, this universe
Fluttered by formulas, not winged verse.

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Stalin as Brake on Communism

STALIN: An Appraisal of the Man and his Influence. By Leon Trotsky. Edited and translated from the Russian by Charles Malamuth. New York: Harper & Bros. 1946. 516 pp. $5.

Reviewed by EDUARD C. LINDEMAN

HISTORICAL events are the consequence of the interplay between personality and social forces. Powerful persons placed in strategic positions are able to accelerate or retard social movements. Leon Trotsky, notwithstanding certain Marxist doctrines, assumes that Joseph Stalin has through his extraordinary position of power retarded the world Communist movement. His book is a prolonged argument designed especially to prove this contention.

Before dealing with Trotsky's brief it seems to me appropriate to bring the larger question of Soviet Russia itself into focus. The world situation has been radically transformed since 1940 when Leon Trotsky's work on this manuscript was abruptly terminated by his assassin. Since that time Russia has demonstrated industrial and military strength of such force as to startle the world. On the basis of this power Russia is destined to play a decisive role in future international affairs. But, unhappily, Soviet Russia enters the arena of world politics at a moment when the cultural divergence between herself and the Western democracies is so deep as to render mutual understanding well-nigh impossible. Ideologists appear to believe that this social distance may be shortened by dialectics. I disagree.

In one of John Dewey's recent essays he asserts that the basic crisis of contemporary history is due to the falsifying habit of reducing issues to *either-ors*, that is, to mutually exclusive choices. In the light of this critical comment, with which I happen to agree, it seems to me utterly futile to expect any enlightenment about Russia either from those who insist that everything Russia does is right or from their opposites who insist with equal vehemence that nothing Russia does can possibly be right. Both of these groups ultimately find themselves maneuvered into a delusional state which borders on hysteria. It occurs to me that there are two preferable ways of understanding this great power which henceforth will be an integral part of our life and our world; namely, through historical studies and through trustworthy

Bertrand Zadig

Leon Trotsky "has furnished his readers with a prosecutor's indictment, not an historian's treatise."

knowledge of the actual behavior of Russian people. In the first instance, we come upon a series of illuminating facts such as the constant fear of invasion which has dominated Russian history, the long oppression which gave to Russian life a brooding undertone of suspicion, and the scant effect exerted upon Russian civilization by those three moving experiences which did so much to give color and tendency to Western culture, namely the Renaissance, the Reformation, and the French and American Revolutions. In the second instance, we learn, not what particular deviation in Marxist doctrine is at the moment dominant among Soviet theoreticians but, rather, what the Russian people do as people.*

Trotsky's "Stalin" must be appraised as personalized history, since he is concerned not with the Russian people but with the leaders who took advantage of those social forces—which finally led to the most thoroughgoing revolution in modern history. The curtain of mystery which has so long shrouded Russia from the rest of the world has produced a strange paradox: the men who created the revolution and those who constructed this new giant Russian state which has obtruded itself into our lives are less known to us than are movie actors and baseball players. We must therefore assume that any instrumentality which promises to bring these fateful personalities into perspective is to be welcomed, and many readers will no doubt consult Trotsky's book with this end in view. I wish that I might with a clear conscience invite them to do so. This I cannot do because the author, whose talents are not to be minimized, has furnished his readers with a prosecutor's indictment, not an historian's treatise.

If the reader is able to place himself in the position of an attendant at a criminal trial, he can still learn something from Trotsky's life of Stalin. The prosecution diverges on two occasions and instead of continuing the steady flow of accusation and calumny the author becomes something of a reporter. He describes the 1905 revolution as an exciting prelude, a practice session for the real upheaval which was to follow twelve years later. Likewise, his story of that baffling year 1917, when Russia rocked between military defeat and social revolution, is instinct with dramatic sense. Aside from these two chapters the reader will find almost nothing in this ponderous tome except an iteration of Trotsky's thesis: Joseph Stalin is a blackguard of the lowest order, a defamer of Marxist purity, a betrayer of the revolution, a mean-spirited, revengeful conspirator, and a ruthless seeker after personal power.

From a philosophical viewpoint the most damaging charge brought against Stalin by his implacable enemy, his present biographer, is embodied in the term "empiricist." Trotsky contends over and over that the chief flaw in Stalin's character lay in his detachment from principle. He was a "practico," a term of disapprobation commonly used by Soviet politicians, in other words an opportunist. This is crime enough to a Marxist but Stalin's record represents, according to Trotsky, a deeper guilt since he deviated from the approved doctrine not for reasons of statecraft, but always on behalf of personal ends. In the latter section of the book Trotsky (now speaking through his translator and editor, since only the first two hundred and thirty-eight pages were fully written by Trotsky) tells an eerie story in the most approved whodunit style intended to plant in the reader's mind the notion that Stalin, or his accomplice Yagoda, the pharmacist-politician, actually poisoned Lenin, and thus brought about his death at a moment most propitious for Stalin's seizure of power. At this point Caesar Borgia appears by comparison a rank amateur in combining the arts of politics with those of homicide.

The psychological clue to Stalin's character, says Trotsky, is to be

*Unfortunately, there are not many reliable sources of such information. The finest book of this category to come to my attention is "Management in Russian Industry and Agriculture" by Bienstock, Schwarz and Yugow; Oxford University Press.

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found in his childhood hatred of his father. His attachment to his mother led him into the misadventure of studying for the priesthood. His revolutionary career began at an early age, and thenceforth his life consisted of plots, conspiracies, exiles, imprisonments, and relentless, demonic cravings for power.

These are the major facets of Trotsky's interpretation of the great dictator's career: his lack of fidelity to principle, his unlimited demand for personal power, and his embittered youth, which served as the driving force for his later ambitions. He never attained a true understanding of theoretical Communist doctrine, was a poor orator, an awkward writer, a blundering strategist, and a vacillating party man who never took risks but invariably waited until he knew in which direction success was probable. Such is the portrait which Trotsky, who incidentally insists that he has never hated Stalin, since hatred would imply a respect which he at no time entertained, draws of his comrade in revolution, Joseph Stalin. His peculiar use of source material, his selection of petty examples to prove how insignificant Stalin was to the revolutionary cause, and his circumlocutions of logic make this a tedious exercise in reading, and a saddening experience on the whole. I cannot understand how this book can result in the least possible good to anyone.

The publishers state that this manuscript was ready to go to press when Pearl Harbor broke, but for some unnamed reason publication was postponed until this moment. Are we to understand that this moment was chosen because the United Nations is meeting in the United States, striving against the greatest odds to keep the world at peace, that now would be the proper moment to sow more seeds of hate? Or are we to understand that the main purpose of this volume is to vindicate truth, to establish justice, to right old wrongs? If none of these reasons account for the publication of this book at this particular time, must we conclude that responsibility ended on the pecuniary plane? If so, I must

> . . . measure back the steps which I have trod;
> And tremble, seeing whence proceeds the strength
> Of such poor instruments, with thoughts sublime
> I tremble at the sorrow of the time.

Eduard C. Lindeman has returned from an assignment as educational adviser to the British Army in occupied Germany. He is professor of Social Philosophy at the New York School of Social Work, Columbia University.

The World as of Last July

PEACE, SECURITY AND THE UNITED NATIONS. By Percy E. Corbett, Arthur Robert Burns, Malbone W. Graham, Frederick L. Schulman, and Eugene Staley. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1946. 129 pp. $1.50.

Reviewed by THOMAS FINLETTER

THIS is a collection of five papers read at a University of Chicago forum on the United Nations and related problems.

The forum met on July 9-13, 1945, a few weeks before Hiroshima; and, although the papers are not out of date, the authors would probably modify some of their views if they

were to reassemble now. Especially might they change their cautious approach to the problem of security and their despairing resignation to a structure for the enforcement of peace for which they felt little enthusiasm even as conditions appeared to them in July of last year.

Mr. Staley is on the most steady ground because his paper is on the economic aspects of world organization. To Mr. Staley, as to many, the Economic and Social Council of UN is the most promising part of the new League of Nations. No one will deny that we must have economic and social justice in the world if we are to have peace, and this is the long-term task of the Economic and Social Council. The promising start in this direction already made in UNRRA, the International Bank, the International Fund, and the Food and Agriculture Organization, as well as the plans for the International Trade Organization recently announced by the British and American governments—all give hope that this part of the work of UN will be fruitful.

But when it comes to security—to the political task of stopping war—all five of the forum participants are almost without hope. Dr. Corbett thinks that justice—so strongly emphasized in the UN Charter—is appropriate only to communities which are much more highly integrated than the United Nations. International law in its present form cannot assure justice, for it has no organized machinery of enforcement and therefore cannot be called law. World federation would give us the necessary machinery, but Dr. Corbett is opposed to "a monopoly of force in a universal government until we have gone much further in the development of common values." He hopes that we will develop these common values in less than the five hundred years which President Hutchins of Chicago thought necessary at that time (President Hutchins has changed his mind since Hiroshima). But world government to Dr. Corbett is "beyond the present limits of useful planning."

Mr. Staley also despairs of peace as long as there is no world law. Until we have world government enforced by a world police "the peace and security of nations will necessarily rest on shaky foundations." Dr. Graham inclines in the same direction; for his main point is that "the primordial task of the present has been and will continue to be the constitutionalization of power," and that what we are trying to create in UN is "a new framework of legality, a working mechanism for the exercise of power, a permanent tie not merely between governments but corporately between peoples." Dr. Schuman says that the anarchy from which the world now suffers springs from the diffusion of power among a multiplicity of sovereignties, all of which, of necessity under anarchy, act on the assumption of violence. Politics under anarchy is power politics, he says, since no other kind of politics is possible without government. And, since he did not think, as of July 9, 1945, that world government was practical politics, he calls for Big Three solidarity as the main objective of United States foreign policy.

Dr. Burns alone does not show concern with the need for world law; but that may be because his subject was "The Treatment of Enemy Powers." But even on this subject the

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question comes up of its own accord. Dr. Burns believes that the continued disarmament of the enemy countries is a prerequisite to a peaceful world —not only during the period of Allied occupation but for the long future. But how is UN, or how are the great powers, to enforce disarmament on Germany and Japan after the occupation forces withdraw except as part of a world scheme of disarmament? And how are we to have world disarmament unless we set up a world regime of law under government which will make it safe for the nation-states to disarm?

In short, each of these interesting papers runs up against the need for world law. None of the authors, as of last July, thought it practical to have it. It would be interesting to reunite the five members of the forum and let them give us the benefit of their views today.

Young Man Out of His Time

DICKENS, DALI AND OTHERS. Studies in Popular Culture. By George Orwell. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1946. 243 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ERIC BENTLEY

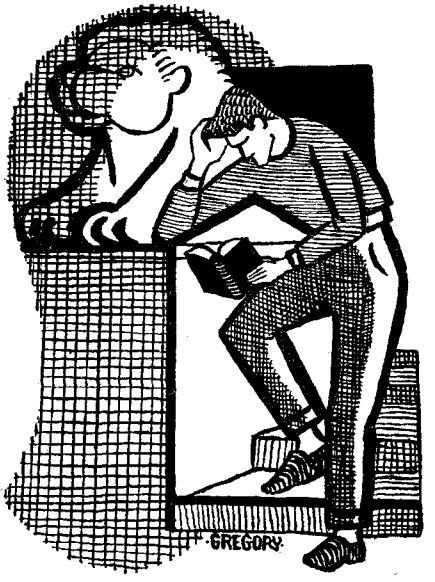
THIS book introduces to the American public a very talented English critic. Talented and symptomatic. George Orwell's career seems to have been a brave attempt to live down his Anglo-Indian and Etonian background (the Etonian part of which was all too vividly described in Cyril Connolly's "Enemies of Promise"). As policeman, school-teacher, bum, Spanish Loyalist, Home Guardsman, radical editor, and foreign correspondent for a Conservative paper he has kept himself on the go and, like another Koestler, has sought experiences which would bring him close to the central events of our time.

How has he come through? With flying colors, some will say, as a champion of liberty and of everything that is of good report. Personally I find the outcome more complex and more ambiguous.

The theme of "Dickens, Dali and Others" I take to be that in the past forty years—the span of Mr. Orwell's lifetime—a vast revolution has taken place in Western life, that Mr. Orwell is painfully aware of all its characteristics and complications, and that he is very angry because many people are so little aware of the revolution that they can go on living —culturally at least—in a nineteenth-century world that has no "objective" existence. Mr. Orwell's anger is all the greater because he too prefers nineteenth-century values and wishes we could really get back to them.

In protest against his background Mr. Orwell is a radical, but as the product of his background he is embarrassed by radicalism. To some extent this embarrassment is a good thing, since it makes Mr. Orwell acutely aware of silliness and eccentricity on the left. And it has driven him to adopt a splendid forthrightness of manner; his style is a model for all who would write simply and forcefully. But behind the fine front of plainness is a malaise as marked as Mr. Connolly's. As with Koestler, the subjective element in the radicalism is far too large. The pressure of an almost personal resentment too often makes itself felt. A too evident *anxiety* prevents Mr. Orwell's satire on Russia—"Animal Farm"—from being more than an outburst. The result is bigotry. If one section of the left has as its motto "Stalin can do no wrong" the other, to which Mr. Orwell belongs, is just as obsessively concerned to show that Stalin can do no right.

In our world, where can a revolted Etonian turn? Mr. Orwell looks around him and sees our popular culture — the boys' magazines, the "naughty" postcards, the detective stories, nearly all of them refusing to acknowledge that anything has happened since 1910. (But "I for one should be sorry to see them vanish," says Mr. Orwell of the "naughty postcards.") He looks at a "modernistic" artist—Dali—and finds him false. What an age to live in! "Freud and Machiavelli have reached the outer suburbs." How much nicer it must have been when Freud and Machiavelli had got no further than Bloomsbury! So Mr. Orwell turns to some of our older contemporaries. Unfortunately Shaw and Laski are looking at Europe through the wrong end of the telescope. Wells is still living in the world of his youth. Kipling? Worth feeling wistful about, worth envying, but "a Conservative, a thing that does not exist nowadays." The study of Yeats brings Mr. Orwell to the woebegone conclusion: "By and large the best writers of our time have been reactionary in tendency." The only essay in Mr. Orwell's book that is full of enthusiasm is equally full of nostalgia. It is an essay on Charles Dickens, who is portrayed as an Orwell before the flood—"a nineteenth-century liberal, a free intelligence, a type hated with equal hatred by all the smelly little orthodoxies which are now contending for our souls." "Dickens, Dali and Others" might be read as a dirge for nineteenth-century liberalism. But if Orwell is a bit of a Zola, it is a pity that the best Dreyfus he can find is P. G. Wodehouse.



The most impressive feature of the book is not its unwitting revelation of its author but its keen analysis of popular culture. If Mr. Orwell has the worries, the tics, and the yearnings of the old-fashioned liberal doomed to live in this utterly illiberal century, he has also the old liberal's best qualities: straightforwardness, generous intelligence, and a serious devotion to culture. In America the critic who most closely resembles him is Edmund Wilson. Both men practise an admirable style that is close to good reporting and good debate—the heritage of the liberal's free press and free discussion. They have the same political attitude (anti-Russian leftism) and similar literary interests (Dickens, Kipling, Yeats). They are both at their best in territory where sociology and literature overlap.

Mr. Orwell at least—I will not say Mr. Wilson—is distinctly shaky in purely political and purely literary criticism—in "Animal Farm" and in his study of Henry Miller ("Inside the Whale"). Avoiding these two poles "Dickens, Dali and Others" is Orwell at his best. Which is saying a great deal. Few people have ever said better things about the culture of the masses. I would specify as little masterpieces the following essays: "Boys' Weeklies," "The Art of Donald McGill," and "Raffles and Miss Blandish." I hope they stimulate American critics to analyze the comic-strips and the pulps. The brilliance of Mr. Orwell's pioneer effort should put them on their mettle.

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Everything About Palestine

PALESTINE: PROBLEM AND PROMISE. By Robert R. Nathan. New York: Public Affairs Committee. 1946. 634 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by FRANK GERVASI

ROBERT R. NATHAN and his associates, Oscar Gass and Daniel Creamer, have written what is accurately described on the dust jacket as a "monumental study" of the Palestine question. It belongs on the desk of every writer, speaker, commentator, and public official having anything to do with forming opinion or translating it into action. One might wish it were more readable, but if it were, the book might not be what it is, the first truly definitive work on what is one of the most important issues in human and international relations in our time.

Nathan and his associates approached their subject with the scientific minds and processes of the economists, sociologists, and political scientists that they are. The result of their labors is a vast compendium of information, exhaustive and unassailable, on the past, present, and future of the disputed land that forms the heart's desire of the miserable remnants of a great people doomed to extinction unless restored to their ancient nationhood.

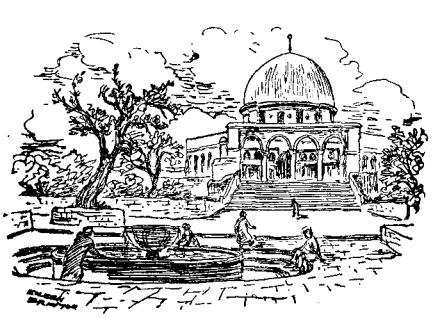
Nathan, one of the bright young men of the New Deal, former deputy director of the Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion, chairman of the Planning Committee of the War Production Board, and ex-director of the National Income Division of the Department of Commerce, has already had a distinguished career. He has, however, enhanced his stature as an economist and humanist considerably by his expert direction and collation of this new study on Palestine. He has, at this writing, left government service. He most certainly should return to it. Minds like Nathan's and those of Goss and Creamer, capable of seeing and proving the enormity of the destiny that lies ahead of the peoples of the Middle East—an abundant life through development of the area's agricultural and industrial resources—cannot easily be spared in an era of unimaginative political pigmies. What Nathan and company have discovered in Palestine and the Middle East is more or less true of other frontiers in North Africa, Asia, and South America. Our economists and scientists can still save civilization from extinction as they can, if allowed a minimum of latitude in the application of their findings, solve the problem of Palestine and fulfill its promise. This, at least, would be a step toward the larger task.

I particularly recommend "Palestine: Problem and Promise" to the propagandists of the Arab League and other stooges of British colonialism currently engaged in a campaign of obfuscating the issues involved in Palestine. These unestimable gentlemen will find their colossal lies nailed to the mast of truth. One is the contention that Palestine can't stand on its own economic feet and must be supported by the millions contributed by non-Palestinian Jews living abroad. No, say the authors. The established population of Palestine is fully self-sustaining.

> In the late 1930's [they explain] the Jewish sector of Palestine had some excess of consumption over income, indicating the eating-up of capital brought in from abroad. However, this excess of consumption could reasonably be attributed to the transitional needs of immigrants not yet fully adapted to Palestine.
>
> During the six war years, the inflow of immigrants diminished and economic activity expanded. Palestine consequently had sufficient margin over her own minimum needs to lend more than ($440,000,000) to Great Britain. This lending amounts to about $250 for every man, woman and child in Palestine. For a population as large as that of the United States, this rate of lending would come to $35,000,000,000. A country in a position to extend credit on this scale can hardly be regarded as an eleemosynary institution.

The authors reach the inescapable conclusions that the Jews have been a great progressive force in Palestine, that the country can certainly afford a self-sustaining livelihood to a larger number of Jews and can serve the whole Middle East as a Westernizing influence in the development of industry, scientific agriculture, education, and political democracy. "They can be an outpost of Western culture without being an outpost of Western imperialism," they write.

Professor Lowdermilk, the agronomist, long ago saw the possibilities for expansion of the Jewish population in Palestine and the benefits which the whole Middle East and the world at large would derive from the creation there of a Jewish state. That was, of course, before the unilateral creation by Britain of an "independent" Transjordania of some 300,000 illiterate nomads. Lowdermilk envisioned the agricultural exploitation of the Jordan Valley in what was, prior to the recent bit of British colonial surgery, *historic* Palestine. Lowdermilk believes that upwards of 4,000,000 new settlers could be absorbed into the region in a relatively short time and millions more later.



The creation of an "independent" Transjordania under a king who'll do the Colonial Office's bidding, a monstrous piece of Arab appeasement done in the name of democracy, complicates fulfillment of the promises of the Balfour Declaration. Transjordania must, unless the United Nations overrule the Britons, be left out of calculations as to how many Jews Palestine can absorb. This new book assesses Palestine's *own* absorptive capacity at about 1,125,000 Jews.

The cost of settling them on the land is carefully measured and a suggestion is offered that the required capital, about $1,300,000,000, be claimed and collected from Germany as reparations. The idea of making the Germans pay for resettling the victims of their aggression may not be novel, but is a constructive one which the Anglo-American Commission now studying the problem might well consider, as might the United Nations whenever their Assembly and Security Council take up Palestine, as they inevitably must.

The work was prepared—and this is one of the most interesting aspects of the book—under the auspices of the American Palestine Institute and was financed by Jews and others representing every shading of Zionist and non-Zionist sentiment. The conclusions reached by the authors are, however, essentially Zionist. Some of the gentlemen who financed the work ought now to do some sincere soul-searching and perhaps reconsider their antagonism.

"Palestine: Problem and Promise" is a lawyer's brief detailing minutely the case for a Jewish Palestine before the bar of world opinion. I hope every man and woman sincerely concerned that justice be done to a people who have suffered from 2,000 years of injustice will read it. For non-Jews there is more at stake than the fate of the Jews. Our own spiritual peace depends upon what measure of spiritual peace we afford the Jews.

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Romantic Enchantment

TORRENTS OF SPRING. By Robert Payne. New York: Dodd, Mead and Co. 1946. 218 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

ROBERT PAYNE'S first book, published six months ago, interpreted China in the terms of his personal experiences as a war correspondent and a teacher of English literature in Lienta University, Kunming. "Forever China" was far removed from the conventional correspondent's diary. It showed a mature talent for creative writing, a clear and poetical prose style. It is not surprising, therefore, to find his second book a full-fledged novel. Robert Payne, it appears, has fallen in love with China, as Lafcadio Hearn fell in love with Japan at the beginning of the century. It reveals the same romantic, sensuous admiration for its history, its legends, and its people. He is not interpreting China so that we may easily comprehend it and thus say to ourselves that all men, East and West, are brothers under the skin. He is saying, "How exquisite and strange is my beloved, how tranquil at rest, how brave in action!"

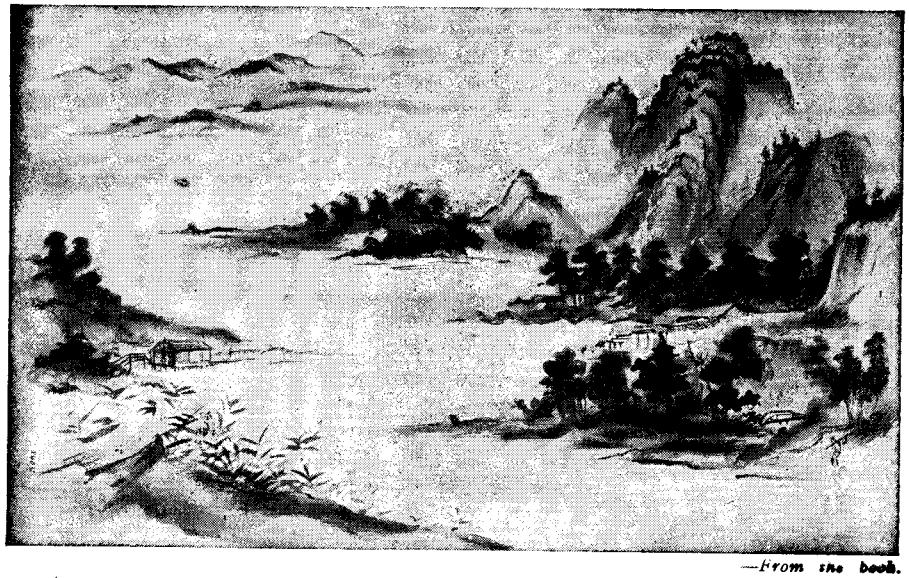
It is time that such a novel as "Torrents of Spring," whether written by a Chinese or an American, should appear in this country. War is terribly destructive to the fragile differences between races of ancient cultures and the aggressive and strident West. All men have a grim resemblance to each other in the uniform of war; all air fields look alike, whether they are carved from a remote Chinese plain or an American desert; everywhere the ruins of ancient cities and temples betray the familiar dust and rubble of ultimate disintegration. It is time once more to distinguish between one man and another lest the whole world should be brutalized by ultimate futility and boredom. When all men have the same ideas, work in the same factories, live in the same jerry-built bungalows, eat the same food, wear the same clothes, humanity will have lost its soul, will find life unendurable, will be forced to destroy what it has created so that it may begin to rebuild its life on a new multitude of forms and ideas.

This is perhaps a romantic idea, at odds with the way history is progressing, but the reader will find it at the heart of Mr. Payne's novel. "Torrents of Spring" began, as he writes in his foreword, one day on Splendid Cloud Mountain when he was walking with Marshal Feng through the forest toward the austere monastery of the Supreme Abbot of China. Suddenly the figure of Rose, and her brother and father came to him as though they were real people and from them his novel clearly emerged full-grown, like Minerva from the forehead of Jove. This is a romantic and poetic conception, if there ever was one, and indeed the whole book is drenched in a kind of enchantment, as if the landscape of mountains and gorges and flashing river, the men and women who live in the Hall of the Splendid Cloud, were all asleep under an opium-scented mist.

The novel starts at the dawn of the Chinese revolution when the old Empress had lost her grip and Sun Yat-sen's flaming words were stirring all classes of the Chinese people to revolt. It is the story of what happened at this time to the children of a wise Chinese Ambassador who had sent them during his years in Europe to live in his ancestral and magnificent home in Szechuan. There are two sons and their beautiful sister whose lives are thus steeped in the past, learning of the West from their father's letters and finally awakening to the new spirit sweeping over the land. When the ambassador returns, there is a charming interlude in which the filial reverence and affection rooted in the Chinese family system is eloquently revealed. With the death of the Empress and the imprisoned Emperor he is swept into oblivion, his children join the revolution and are torn from each other, to take their destined roles in the creation of a new China.

But in spite of its charm and the essential beauty of the author's style, the novel, in a curious way, refuses to come to life. It is like a delicate painting on a Chinese scroll; it remains somehow static as it unrolls. Its human figures, their old way of life, the mountains, the river and the monastery, the timeless legends are completely fascinating while they remain in almost motionless enchantment. But when the burning winds of fear and anger and of revolution sweep away the background, set the figures into furious movement, the novel is less satisfactory. It would appear throughout the first half of his novel that Mr. Payne was aware of the dilemma with which he must finally be confronted. Its tranquil beauty and its poetry are so completely magnetic and so lovingly achieved that the reader shares with him a regret that it must finally come to an end. While there is a moving chapter in which the brothers are captured, tortured, and face execution, other scenes of violence seem to be confused and awkward, as if the author did not know quite what to think of his characters once they were set in motion. But this carping criticism of "Torrents of Spring" seems on the whole unjust toward the last part of the novel, for it contains also an exquisitely written description of the tranquil and severe life in the monastery in which the more philosophical of the brothers find refuge and spiritual healing.

"Torrents of Spring" will remain for a long time the most satisfactory glimpse we have had into the heart of China. It is filled with beauty and an interpretation of life and thought alien and yet intelligible. As long as writers with talented and sensitive minds can discover in China qualities that are rare and strange to us, we may hope that they still exist in reality, so deeply embedded in the culture of an ancient people that neither the atomic age, the conquering machine, nor future wars or revolutions can ever remove them from the deep stream of man's life.



—from the book.

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Island Surrounded by Tea

THUS FAR AND NO FURTHER. By Rumer Godden. New York: Little, Brown & Co. 1946. 196 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ROSEMARY CARR BENÉT

WITH characteristic precision, Rumer Godden summarizes her book this way: "There are only a few things in these notes: —Chinglam and its hills and valleys, Work, Flowers, Children, Animals, Servants. There is nothing else because there was nothing else." There is, however, something else. There is a fine prose style, and the hearing ear and seeing eye recommended in Proverbs, XX, 12. "Thus Far and No Further," has a clear, small perfection. It may be compared to a miniature rather than to a sprawling eight-foot canvas, but it is a satisfying miniature, done with fine, precise strokes.

Not many of Miss Godden's readers will be familiar with the region she describes, so that recognition does not point up the picture. People who have lived in France like to read about France, but few will know this slope of the Himalayas. I, for one, know nothing of tea-raising or lamas or coolies. That doesn't matter, for one of her gifts, shown already in previous work, is a peculiar ability to create atmosphere. Chinglam is near Darjeeling, a part of India that has a mixed population. There are many races here and it is full of the exotic color of the Orient. Her house, she says, is like an island surrounded by tea.

The title of the book comes from *Rungli-Rungliot,* a word in the Pahari language, a hill dialect of Hindustani, meaning "thus far and no further." Rungli-Rungliot is now the local name for a hamlet made up of a telegraph office and a police outpost, serving eight tea estates. There is a legend about it. Long ago, there was a disastrous flood in India. As the waters came up the slopes of the mountain, there was consternation. A lama left his prayers and contemplation, looked at the waters and bade them sternly, "Rungli-Rungliot." Unlike the Canute story, the waters obeyed him. The spot was given that name. "It was war-time; I was threatened by trouble," says Miss Godden, "but all the time I was there, I seemed to be living under the protection of that little yellow hand." Certainly there is a serenity, a calm about her recollections that is very refreshing in this troubled, hectic world. "I plan my day and the day comes to pass. I have expectations of violets, work, the opening of the clouds before the snows that I can see from the ridge and in the evening 'The Snow Queen.' "

What the book really does, as she says, is to *distil* her memories. "I am forgetting; but when I smell the lemon leaves I am back again. They seem to distil Chinglam. To distil? That is to extract the spirit or essential oil. That is what I want these notes to do." It is a temptation here to quote, for the words fall so exactly into place. What Miss Godden says is entirely true. This is like a few drops of good strong perfume, rather than a weak watery scent. She makes her life in India come alive. We get a picture of the tea-planting countryside, of hanging orchids, poinsettia hedges, and snowy peaks, vignettes of people, glimpses of her children, the servants, the neighbors. The little sketches by Tontyn Hopman add to this reality. It is particularly a picture of a place —not necessarily of a time, for the book has a timeless quality that sets it apart.

Whether it is the little yellow hand of the lama or Miss Godden's skill, "Thus Far and No Further" has its own spell, a curious combination of vivid color and serenity. "But what in the world will you do there?" a friend asked Miss Godden, thinking of the quietness, the remoteness of Chinglam. "Live there." Still troubled, the friend continued, "But what will you *do?*" The answer was brief. "*Live,*" she said. It is the reflection of that life we get here. The book has a spell, but like all spells it may not be for everyone. Those who feel it at all will find this book a delight.

Story Without Climax

PASSAGE FROM HOME. By Isaac Rosenfeld. New York: The Dial Press. 1946. 280 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HAROLD FIELDS

JUST what the purpose in writing this book was is a moot question to me. At one point in reading it I thought it was about to emerge as an exposition of a psychological complex, induced by a father whom the central character imagined he hated and a home that was in painful contrast to the life led by modern Aunt Minna. At another point I sensed a trail leading to the much currently discussed theory of being one's self, particularly when one is of the Jewish faith. Somewhere, further on, I was certain it was just a story of a fourteen-year-old boy who ran away from home and who, like the prodigal son, was received back with open arms. But when I finally closed the book I must confess I wasn't certain whether one of these, or all three, was or were the prime motive for this book.

Briefly, it is the story of a boy brought up in the Jewish faith who is intrigued by his non-Jewish cousin and by his ostracized (and modernized) aunt. His parents would have him have nothing to do with either, the while he is drawn to them to a point where he is dissembling and deceptive and resentful at home. In a moment of anger, he leaves his well-scrubbed home to live with his aunt in her dirty flat. In the end, he returns to his home and his family and all is well.

However, one cannot dismiss this story so abruptly. As a novel it lacks a sense of continuity; it proceeds in a pedestrian manner in an atmosphere of unrelatedness running between detailed episodes and labored delvings into philosophy that follow. The book fails even to achieve a climax at page 252. The story ends with the device used decades ago—a direct statement of what finally happens to the main characters (*e.g.,* "To this day, I am sure, [Minna] is still married to Mason. But I have seen neither of them in years. Willy has also disappeared, though I hear from him once a year")—and then reverts to the story just as though the ending had not been told.

But nonetheless the book touches upon important problems that are being developed today in extenso. The question that was raised by Jo Sinclair in "Wasteland" is broached here; once more the Passover theme is made part of the motif for the book's *raison d'être,* once more the Jewish home with its Jewish heritage is made a challenge to the younger generation. Recent months have seen an

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unusually large number of books published treating of this theme; perhaps they constitute the natural answer to a world situation wherein the Jew has had his right to existence, to self-respect, and to pride in his heritage put to a life struggle. His answer has begun to manifest itself in the story of the little man who is uncertain of himself and his position and his beliefs—of Bernie in this book, of Jack in "Wasteland," of the characters in "Earth Could Be Fair," "The Son of the Last Son"—all of whom find refuge and moral sustenance and self-confirmation in searching their souls in the face of these challenges.

Once in a while, too, in this book, the tenets of child psychology and proper home environment come to the fore: the need of understanding parents and of coöperative home forces. But that too fizzles out. Everything fizzles out as Bernie goes back home —precisely where he started from.

Germany's Double Soul

THE TWINS OF NUREMBERG. By Hermann Kesten. Translated from the German by Andrew St. James and E. B. Ashton. New York: L. B. Fischer. 1946. 616 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by F. C. WEISKOPF

IT has often been said that German literature was one-eyed because it lacked the "laughing eye." All metaphors are imperfect and so is this one, but it seems quite fair to state that merry laughter has always been a rare ingredient in German letters of any stature. The centuries of *Deutsche Misere*—the steady pressure of despotism, the hopeless agony of flights into irrational cloudlands, the stifling atmosphere of a belated nationalism with its myth of the blood and its glorification of death—tended to provoke, as a manifestation of protest, a rather sharp and bitter kind of humor which could well be described with the words of Nym in Shakespeare's "Henry the Fifth": "I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may; and that's the humor of it," and "I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that's the humor of it."

It is this kind of humor—a whip in the hands of an angry prophet lashing the conscience of his people —which is to be found in Grimmelshausen's descriptions of the Thirty Years' War, in Heine's poems, in Heinrich Mann's "Little Superman," and now in Herman Kesten's new novel, "The Twins of Nuremberg."

To sum up the plot of a novel in a few sentences is always an embarrassing job, and a futile one, especially if it is the style that gives a peculiar distinction to the story. And Mr. Kesten's literary skill shines most brightly in his witty aphorisms and his bold imagery, effective even under the veil of a translation (a good translation, by the way, and yet, by its very nature, but a reflection, not the original flame).

Starting with the escape of a German officer from a French prisoner-of-war camp, in 1918, and ending with the casual meeting and subsequent definitive separation of an American lieutenant and his German mother amidst the ruins of Nuremberg, in 1945, this big and intricate novel is packed with action, filled with odd happenings, teeming with strange characters, and interwoven with the luminous threads of dream and fantasy. At first sight, it tells the story of Primula and Uli, twin sisters from Nuremberg; of their father, who later on becomes Hitler's minister of justice; of their husbands, Ferdinand Lust, a crafty journalist climbing up to the height of an undersecretaryship in Goebbels's entourage only to be liquidated by the Gestapo, and Richard Musiek, a playwright who goes into exile and finds a haven in America; and of Primula Lust's twin sons, Caesar and Alexander, the first a Nazi who flees from the Elite Guard and dies a fighting member of the French Maquis, and the second a refugee returning to Germany in the uniform of an American lieutenant.

—*Fred Stein*

Hermann Kesten's "literary skill shines most brightly in his witty aphorisms and his bold imagery."

At first sight, it tells the story of these and a number of secondary characters, a gaudy story of love and adultery, of murder and arson, of literary gossip and political intrigue, of quiet idylls and breathless flights. But from beneath the surface of people and events there emerges a second meaning, a second story. Primula, the "perfect actress who had never the monotony of character" and whose principle it was "to deny everything, even to force others to support her lies," and Uli her gentle sister, always ready to sacrifice herself for others; Lust, the unscrupulous plotter, and Musiek, the true intellectual "who had never aspired to be a hero" and yet never surrendered his integrity; Caesar and Alexander, strikingly similar in appearance and yet very different in temperament—they all are varied incarnations of Germany's double soul, the black one of "Mein Kampf" and the white one of "Faust," perplexingly linked together by a common origin.

There are many memorable scenes in this vast, rampant novel: for instance, Primula's meeting with Rifleman Runge, the killer of Karl Liebknecht; the death of young Nicolette who, as a last wish, wants her boy friend to tell her father that she was seduced (while in reality she dies a virgin); or the following conversation at Gestapo Headquarters, revealing in a grotesque way—as if a zipper-curtain were pulled open with one rapid movement—the sinister wickedness and putrefaction of the Nazi order.

> "Poor Rostig! I guess he'll have suffered concussion of the brain, too?"
>
> "Of course. And we have to reckon with the total loss of his eyesight."
>
> "If Klara Dubos knew that!" murmured the Thin One.
>
> "Who's that?"
>
> "The young lady in the now-damaged urn."
>
> "Indeed—but how did the lady get into the urn? And who is she?"
>
> "Well, there you see the results of a questioning by Dr. Rostig. I kept warning him—I don't mean of the results of his examinations, they were all right, but of the relatives of the examinees. For instance, the fellow there was the fiancé of the ashes in the urn."
>
> "Oh?" responded the doctor. "Shall I write out his death certificate immediately? Heart failure perhaps?"
>
> "He'll be roasted slowly," replied the Thin One. "A grandson of Minister of Justice Kaiser."
>
> "A Party Comrade then?"
>
> "Silent opposition."
>
> "What a shame! With such a family! Educational camp?"
>
> "Penal camp, and possibly prosecution witness against his parents, Undersecretary Lust of the Propa-

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ganda Ministry, and Primula Lust of the State Theatre."

"I've met her son once. Wasn't he a Sturmbannfuehrer?"

"That's the twin brother of this fellow, Herr Oberstabsarzt."

"Twin, you say? But that interests me. Scientifically. I mean from the medical point of view. Uniovulate twin, Herr Lust? Why doesn't the swine answer? Turn the fellow around if you don't mind."

"Yes, sir. Peschke! Let's have a look at his kisser."

But this is only one key of the many in which this book is written. Irony alternates with tenderness, and pathos with glassy soberness. It is not always easy reading, but the discriminating and thoughtful reader will be richly rewarded.

Is Wordsworth to Blame?

THE UNREASONING HEART. By Constance Beresford-Howe. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1946. 236 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by NANCY GROBERG

IT would appear that Wordsworth certainly started something when, prompted philosophically by Plato, he referred to the child as "thou best philosopher," for ever since Wordsworth, writers minor and major have been investing children with all kinds of insight and intuition. (It is possible, of course, that Wordsworth is not wholly responsible, but I have a feeling that he had a great deal to do with it.) And now, into the gallery of amazing and perspicacious youngsters, comes Miss Beresford-Howe's Abbey; her book is the story of that foster-child, and of the Canadian family that takes her in. Through the various crises in the life of this troubled family—through the suicide of the handsome and much petted brother, David—the sickness of his possessive mother—the falling in and out of love of the cynical, underrated, older brother, Con—through all sorts of emotional ups and downs, the unusual child looks into souls, makes diagnoses, and earns the affection and confidence of everyone whose affection and confidence are worth having. Because, though apparently only an adolescent, Abbey is emotionally mature, she falls in love with the affection-starved Con and does, we are led to believe, eventually get her just reward.

It is not inconceivable that a female orphan like Abbey should turn out to be the best adjusted member of the household; it is not inconceivable, either, that she should be capable, not alone of running the household, but also of bringing about any number of important changes therein. There are no real absurdities about the powers with which Abbey's author has endowed her; and, therefore, it is not on the basis of incredulousness that we find this sentimental story somewhat difficult to take. Rather, it is on the basis of a kind of weariness —weariness of soap-opera setups, of

Constance Beresford-Howe "has really given us a series of literary clichés."

turbulent families whose problems, by virtue of that family's collective hold on our heartstrings, are expected to throw us into all kinds of sympathetic tantrums—weariness of charming adolescents with deep insight and phenomenal capabilities — weariness of sentimentality. Probably the best example of the hackneyed character of much of what goes on in this book is the scene in which Con, confronted with Abbey's semi-adult love for him, assures her that the feeling will pass, that she will grow up, and they will be good friends. I think that in the future all young men who discover themselves to be the objects of adolescent love should be compelled to think of something more original.

If we analyze Miss Beresford-Howe's characters we find that they are, after all, familiar types. If this were surface familiarity, it would be neither an unusual nor an extremely serious shortcoming, for as quickly as we categorize people in life—even more quickly, perhaps—we are likely to categorize them in literature. The compact picture of them which we must get is extremely conducive to categorization. It is the writer's business, however, to see to it that the familiarity is not overpowering—that a character will, in the long run, defy cut-and-dried classification and will intrinsically, rather than superficially, have certain individual traits even as he has the quickly recognizable, very human ones. While Miss Beresford-Howe's people *seem* to have this individuality, we find, when we scratch just a little below the surface, that she has really given us a series of literary clichés.

This book was the winner of the Intercollegiate Literary Fellowship Award—and you could probably account for that by saying that the author is, after all, quite a young writer, that she is dealing (no matter how naively) with several profound problems in human relationship, and that she has turned out a novel which, if it is sentimental and often unoriginal, is, nevertheless, well integrated and holds the interest.

Harvard Yard

By Sloan Wilson

HARVARD Yard,
Statues in the snow,
Lectures in humanities, Hume and Guizot.
Solemn youths in glasses walk learnedly to classes
In Harvard Yard.

Harvard Yard,
Chemistry and French.
Iron John Harvard ponders on his bench.
Bearded men with books give penetrating looks
In Harvard Yard.

Harvard Yard,
Massachusetts Hall,
Eliot and Conant, Saltonstall.
History and laughter, teas and life hereafter
Become birds of a feather in the cold New England weather
Of Harvard Yard.

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Wings in the Background

SLOW WALL. Poems. Together with Nor Without Music. By Leonora Speyer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. 189 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT HILLYER

A STRANGER regarding contemporary American poetry might be misled into the belief that it is wholly in a state of turbulent transition, wherein a few authoritative voices are still heard but for the most part only the rival cries of newcomers, some singly, some in bands. It is all interesting, he would say, but chaotic. He might at first not be aware of the presence of a large and honorable company of lyric poets who by their devotion to the tones of everlasting song are not apt to be heard among the controversies of the theorists. In the anthologies of the future our poetry will be the richer for this lyric school. Leonora Speyer's work stands out pure and clear in this intention of melodic beauty, and she is well fitted for her place as lyric poet being, as lyric poets should be, an accomplished musician as well.

Her new volume is a collection of lyrics old and new. In Part I we come upon the well-known "Ballad of a Lost House," which after the intervening events since its first publication has an even greater poignancy; the personal tragedy became the prophecy of that "lost house" which is the entire world. In the familiar poem we find the three lines which provide the title for the book and much of the underlying mood:

But they who roof slow walls on grief
Shall find, not stately but secure,
A dwelling-house that will endure.

In Part I, also, there are two pieces, "Bird in a Tree" and "Nightingales," which make us aware that almost throughout Leonora Speyer's poetry we are aware of bird songs and the fluttering or folding of wings.

"Nightingales" itself recalls echoes from all English poetry, and sends us back to the classics. What a magnificent anthology, "Philomela," may yet be compiled! In its English flexibility and classic simplicity, Leonora Speyer's lyric would be underlined in my copy, and especially

Shall the lonely singers
Not sing together now,
With the same breath;
The one upon,
The one beneath
The bough?

Shall the song not be the same
(Though not the sound),
As ash and flame
Are one:
The note that falters,
The note so ripe, so round? . . .

But I remember still
How the notes poured and leapt
In a bright, guileless scale,
And how the stars came running out
To hear,
And how a hill drew near;
And how I wept.

The three poems "Swans," "Swans Sleeping," and "Swans Dying" make a beautiful triad, and in "Gulls" the bird-theme mingles with the "sea that stares me in the face." Even in the poems wherein no bird sings we are yet conscious of wings fluttering in the background.

There are several ballads and narrative poems in the book of which "Monk and Lady" and the "Ballad of Old Doc Higgins" seem to me conspicuously the best. It is characteristic of the poet's range that these two poems should be so dissimilar: "The Monk and the Lady" is a romantic story with medieval background; "Old Doc Higgins" is exquisite comedy mingling New England folklore and the legendary mermaid who sits with her sorrow "beneath a strange willow . . . where the ancient tide ends." There are two groups of sonnets; Part IV, "Sonnets of a Not Unusual Situation," a group of ten, quietly narrative of a love never fulfilled, a polite and stifled love; and the more personal group of seven "Sonnets for the Beloved." "Of Mountains" is a kind of theme-and-variations, somewhat experimental, each part in different form, an independent lyric, yet related to the mountain mood. The separate developments vary greatly in pictorial quality and emotion; "Of Mountains" is an associative group and but for the central link a series of sketches.

Throughout Leonora Speyer's book the lyric treatment has the eagerness, whether the form be conventional stanza or cadenced line, of the human voice lifting and falling in inescapable inflections. The oral values ring everywhere, and the poems are set to their own music. In the material of the poems we are aware of the old world and the new, the double background wherein the poet has experienced and felt so much. Thus the imaginative area is wide and the overtones are traditional. The poems of nature are the articulation of a human response in the classic or Elizabethan purpose. This is, of course, in contrast to the prevailing notion that nature and man are pitted against each other and that, except for a few national parks and bird sanctuaries carefully labelled like a museum devoted to things past and done with, human civilization can best dispense with natural exuberance. From the ethical point of view, the tone of these poems is a high affirmation of courage, integrity, forbearance, and gaiety. Lastly, although many of the poems are deeply personal, none is sentimental or private.

"Slow Wall" will give an abiding pleasure to all who love poetry.

Leonora Speyer "has the eagerness . . . of the human voice lifting and falling in inescapable inflections."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 151

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 151 *will be found in the next issue.*

BAK CFMKP MPUDUBGHBH

ECJXM BAKGP EJX GX

CLHRKXGBO; BAK DCMKPXH

KDQFCO GXXJKXMC, SAGRA

DUPTH U WPKUB UMZUXRK

GX MKRCPJD.

UPGHBCBFK—XGRCDURAKUX

KBAGRH

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 150

A wise scepticism is the first attribute of a good critic.

JAMES LOWELL
Shakespeare Once More.

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Getting Along With a Genius

GUSTAV MAHLER: MEMORIES AND LETTERS. By Alma Mahler. Translated by Basil Creighton. New York: The Viking Press. 1946. 277 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by NATHAN BRODER

ALMA SCHINDLER met Gustav Mahler for the first time late in 1901. Although he was twenty-one years her senior, they were married the following March, and from then on until Mahler died in 1911 she participated in the stormy career of one of the most important and influential Central European musicians of the time. These "memories," based on Alma Mahler's diaries, throw a vivid light on that fascinating period. She has a gift for the revealing anecdote, a keen ear for the self-portraying conversation, and she can sketch a scene or person with brief strokes in an unforgettable manner.

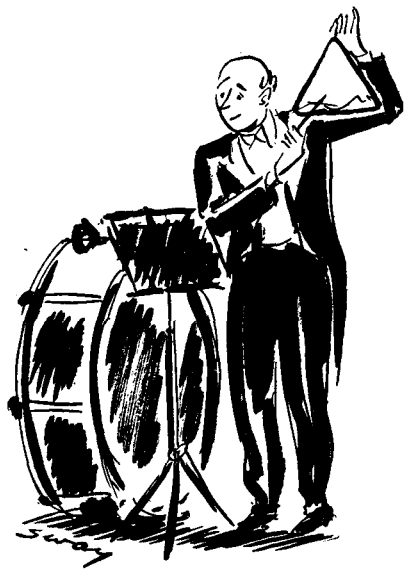
Mahler himself is painted with astonishing candor. Thoroughly convinced of her husband's genius, Alma Mahler seems to lean over backwards to avoid giving the impression of idealizing him. Unhesitatingly she describes and illustrates the least attractive aspects of this egocentric, ailing, neurotic, and tyrannical artist. It is no wonder that he seldom smiled. His mother was lame and had a weak heart, and her unhappy marriage had brought forth twelve children. Seven of them, including a brother of whom Gustav was especially fond, died young. Another brother committed suicide, and still another was sickly and weak-minded. At one time five brothers and sisters depended upon Mahler for their support.

He had definite ideas about what his wife should read. When he first came to call on her, he noticed with horror that her library included a complete edition of Nietzsche. "He demanded abruptly that it should be cast then and there into the fire. I refused. . . ." He imposed a rigid routine upon his family and assistants, his working program being as strict during the winters, when he had to fulfill his duties as director of the Opera in Vienna, as it was during the summers, which he devoted to composition. "Up at seven, breakfast, work. At nine, to the Opera. Punctually at one, lunch. His servant telephoned from the Opera as soon as he left, and as soon as Mahler rang the bell on the ground floor, the soup had to be on the table on the fourth. The door had to be open to avoid the slightest delay. He stormed through all the rooms, bursting open unwanted doors like a gale of wind, washed his hands, and then we sat down to lunch."

But there were compensations. Mahler was deeply in love with his beautiful wife and could be very tender when aroused out of his self-centeredness. He was an indefatigable walker. "Sometimes I was too exhausted to go on. We invented a hypnotic cure for my collapse: he used to put his arm round me and say: 'I love you.' Instantly I was filled with fresh energy and on we tore." She shared fully in the joy of creating his last symphonies, in the excitement of the rehearsals and first performances. Beginning with the "Fifth Symphony," he played for her each of his new works as soon as it was completed, listened to her criticisms, and even entrusted to her the task of writing out the scores from his sketches. As a result of the refreshingly honest way in which the author treats her husband's idiosyncrasies, Mahler appears before us as a living human being, burdened with more than the normal share of suffering.

Nothing is more devastating than can be an intelligent woman's criticism of her husband's friends, and Alma Mahler makes short shrift of the coterie that surrounded her husband when she first met him. Richard Strauss appears frequently in these pages, usually talking about money and constantly accompanied by his petulant wife.

There is a particularly amusing scene where Mahler and Strauss discuss Mommsen and then Beethoven, while Alma Mahler, anxious not to miss a word, is insistently questioned by Frau Strauss about the best hairdresser in Vienna and where to go for blouses. Incidentally, "Strauss preferred early Beethoven to late, to which Mahler replied that a genius such as he could only get better as he grew older. Strauss maintained the contrary: inspiration often failed him in his later years. The spontaneity of youth was worth all the rest," which is of course nonsense as applied to Beethoven but a remarkably prophetic criticism of Strauss himself.



Other celebrated figures whom the author deals with include Gustave Charpentier, composer of "Louise" ("Spits under the table, bites his nails, draws your attention by a pressure of his knee or a nudge of his elbow. Trod on my foot last night in our box to call attention to the beauty of 'Tristan' . . . He's wonderful"); Gerhart Hauptmann, with whom Mahler enjoyed long conversations; the argumentative Arnold Schoenberg; and General Picquart, hero of the Dreyfus affair; and there are glimpses of such artists as Rodin, Bruno Walter, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, and the great galaxy of stars who sang at the Metropolitan when Mahler conducted there, as well as of Toscanini ("The nuances in his Wagner were distressing. His style has been simplified since those days").

Little is said in this book about its author, but from that little, and from much that is only implied, the reader can piece together a portrait of a most unusual woman. Young, talented, and cultured, Alma Mahler willingly subordinated her personality and her own aspirations to act as wife, housekeeper, nurse, and companion to an irascible genius. A short time after they met, he forbade her, in a fit of rage and without having seen her songs, to continue composing; it was not until ten years later that he happened upon the songs and cried: "What have I done? These songs are good—they're excellent. I insist on your working on them and we'll have them published. I shall never be happy until you start composing again. God, how blind and selfish I was in those days!" The deaths of two of their children are mentioned briefly and with characteristic reticence and are the more poignant for that reason. When they were married Alma Mahler found that she was expected to take care of her husband's financial affairs; he owed 50,000 crowns, and it took five years of strict economy to wipe out the debt. Yet nowhere in the narrative of their private affairs is there a sign of self-pity, just as nowhere in her treatment of matters pertaining to art is there a trace of cant. Few composers seem to have been blessed with a wife as well-balanced,

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sensitive, and understanding as Alma Mahler.

The letters comprise a number from Mahler to his wife (the first, dated November 28, 1901, is addressed to "dear Miss Alma"; the second, dated December 5, to "Dearest friend"; and the third, dated December 8, to "Dearest Almschi") and some to Mahler from Hauptmann, Schoenberg, Humperdinck, Busoni, Thomas Mann, and others, including a masterpiece of sugar-coated high-pressure salesmanship from Cosima Wagner attempting to get Mahler to guarantee to produce an opera by her son Siegfried before he had even seen the score. This from the same

Cosima who a few years before had tried to prevent Mahler's appointment in Vienna because he was a Jew.

The translation is smooth and idiomatic. Unfortunately, an index is lacking. Altogether a fine book that should be enjoyed by every music-lover.

The Art of Listening

HOW TO GROW OLD DISGRACEFULLY. By Norman Anthony. Illustrated by the author. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc. 1946. 247 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by JAMES P. WOOD

REMEMBER Elmer Zilch? He was an advertising man who first came to public notice in 1931. In the middle of the depression, he skyrocketed to fame. People who did not know the name of their own Congressman, and in their depression-caused worry were beginning to wonder about their own, knew the name of Elmer Zilch. Closely related to Langhorne Zilch, Percy Bysshe Zilch, Montmorency Zilch, Luther Zilch, Lewellyn Zilch, Zadrack Zilch, Harry Zilch, Fred Zilch, and O. Zilch, all of them vice-presidents of the Zilch enterprise, and surrounded by other Zilches who acted as treasurer, chairman of the board, and in various staff capacities, it was yet Elmer who gripped the public imagination.

Elmer himself and *Ballyhoo,* the magazine that made him famous, sprang full grown from the brow of Norman Anthony. It was Norman Anthony, temporarily down after riding very high, wide, and successfully as New York artist, editor, humorist, and writer, who decided he would take advertising for a hilarious ride.

George Delacorte as publisher supplied five hundred dollars for editorial matter for the first tentative issue of 150,000 copies. That first issue of the magazine with a crazy-quilt cover of colored squares was sold out in three days. The second issue of 300,000 went in four. A million of the fourth number were printed. Within six months *Ballyhoo* had a two million circulation.

Ballyhoo burlesqued every advertisement in sight. Readers were advised to keep kissable with Old Colds, assured that Ducky Wucky cigarettes did not tickle the knee cap, warned against athlete's brain, shown pictures of Hart, Schafner & Burp's pants for women. "Read a *Fresh* Magazine!" insisted the slogan on the cover of the first issue, ten thousand copies of which were wrapped in cellophane.

"Jackpot!" is the chapter of Norman Anthony's humorous autobiography which tells the *Ballyhoo* story. The other wild-eyed chapters of "How To Grow Old Disgracefully" tell stories almost as incredible. Originally a free-lance artist, Norman Anthony had been editor-in-chief of *Judge,* then editor of the old *Life,* before he concocted *Ballyhoo.* He went on from there to edit and publish other humorous magazines, write stories and radio scripts, and to produce Broadway revues.

He made fortunes and lost fortunes. He lived uproariously in Manhattan's dizziest circles. "How To Grow Old Disgracefully" is a running and reeling multi-ringed circus of antics and anecdotes, most of them risqué, many of them bawdy, of jokes practical and impractical, of zany recklessness and magnificently alcoholic adventure. Name actors, writers, artists, columnists, and critics by the gross prank and stagger through this hellzapoppin' account of Manhattan's bohemia in the extravagant twenties and but slightly dimmed thirties.

The admiring stories of the speak-easies and other prohibition era devilishness give parts of the book the air of a period piece. Some of the adventures of the author and his friends seem not so hilarious now as they doubtless seemed at the time, and some of their wild gamboling has an antique savor like something out of "Trilby." In places the humor seems tired and forced, and it is always about as subtle as a neon light. But it is humor. "How To Grow Old Disgracefully, or Anthony's Adversities" is advertised as a hilarious autobiography. It is amusing, entertaining, a humorous book that is humorous and that tells its own story and the many smaller stories within its pages with contagious gaiety.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

CLOTHING DRIVE, LITERARY BRANCH

Let's pretend, says Alice Oman, of Kalamazoo, Michigan, that 10 noted literary figures have contributed to a clothing drive. From the description of the items below, can you identify each figure and the work in which he appears? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 22.

Item 1: A new dress this bride couldn't afford, made from twenty-five yards of silk.

Item 2: A great high shapeless cap, made of a goatskin, with a flap hanging.

Item 3: A dress made from her mother's green velvet curtains.

Item 4: A dress copied from one of the ancestral portraits in this bride's new home.

Item 5: A blue evening gown worn by a glamorous lady to match her blue Duesenberg and her blue Picasso.

Item 6: A red evening cape with a large butterfly embroidered on the back.

Item 7: A pink and green plaid taffeta dress, trimmed with black velvet bows, which made a good first impression on a new father-in-law.

Item 8: A party dress contrived out of a few old newspapers and the inside of an umbrella, with a single braid of bag string around the waist.

Item 9: A French infantryman's gray overcoat, a striped petticoat, and a huge pair of men's slippers, formerly worn by an artist's model.

Item 10: A wedding dress, with a long lace veil and white satin shoes, worn daily for many years by an elderly spinster.

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Giving the Unions Their Due

THE TRUTH ABOUT UNIONS. By Leo Huberman. New York: Pamphlet Press, Reynal & Hitchcock. 1946. 87 pp. $1.

Reviewed by MARK STARR

LEO HUBERMAN, with labored yet necessary simplicity, has written a well illustrated book urgently needed to promote clear thinking about trade unions. It will be especially useful to the old ladies of both sexes who demand union responsibility and simultaneously denounce the alleged "tyranny" of the union and closed shop by which alone union responsibility can be secured. Huberman's examination of restrictive practices and their roots in lack of social security might well be read by members of Congress and by President Truman, who have just set up a dangerous shot-gun in the "anti-Petrillo" law. Those who have been misinformed about the legal status of the unions and cherish the illusion that unions are too powerful, and those who shout for punitive anti-union laws whenever their personal comfort and plans are interfered with by strikes, would all be helped by this clearly written exposition of the case for unions.

It is good news that the book has already received wide commendation and circulation. Huberman previously demonstrated in such textbooks as "We, the People" that he has the power to break down complex details into understandable propositions. He explains *why* unions and *how* they operate and devotes special sections to jurisdictional disputes, feather-bedding, racketeering, strikes, and the closed shop Indeed, the only point which Mr. Huberman ignores is the allegation that some CIO and AFL leaders of unions and locals are under Communist Party control and twist with the party line. A needed discussion on the possibilities of uniting the labor family would hardly be in place here, and just as some leaders of the AFL, very incorrectly in my opinion, think that the CIO will fade out like the I.W.W., so Mr. Huberman probably is convinced that CIO superiority makes unity unlikely.

However, his strong pro-CIO sympathies give aid and comfort to the common enemy and are flaws in an otherwise excellent job. The references to the larger and longer established AFL come as an afterthought. He neglects to note that both AFL and CIO ask Congress for FEPC, 65-cent minimum wages, the Wagner - Murray - Dingell Bill, and other reforms. Mr. Huberman, for example, writes that "many AFL unions" directly or indirectly segregate and exclude Negroes. When the count is made, according to Mr. Huberman's own figures, we find that seven AFL unions with 76,200 members specifically exclude Negroes; five AFL unions with 477,000 members tacitly exclude Negroes; and seven AFL unions with 876,200 members segregate Negroes. The Machinists Union, now suspended from the AFL over jurisdictional trouble, is in process of altering its constitution. One CIO union also regrettably bars Negroes and the leadership of the CIO has had to take steps in various local unions to correct practices of

segregation. However, it is true that the CIO has tackled the Jim Crow evil more energetically than the older AFL with its theoretical emphasis upon education as the best remedy and its rigid respect for the autonomy of its constituent unions in this and other matters—except in the case of the unions which formed the Committee for Industrial Organization in 1935, which were quickly suspended without a convention hearing!

When Mr. Huberman is giving the salaries of trade union leaders, he notes that Mr. Green gets $20,000 from the AFL but neglects to say that Mr. Murray also gets $20,000 from the Steelworkers. And be it noted that, commensurate with their responsibilities and in comparison to big business salaries, both men are underpaid.

Then too, Mr. Huberman implies that the AFL has a monopoly of racketeering and that the top AFL leaders have refused to do anything about it. Allegations of racketeering in CIO unions have also been recently made in the CIO Shipbuilding and Auto Workers convention although, here again, as one might expect, the older union federation does provide more examples of the exceptional abuses of trade union power. However, the book makes it clear that union racketeering is extremely exceptional—the rare two-headed calf that monopolizes attention—and that it can only exist when it is encouraged by unscrupulous and ignorant employers.

Every trade unionist will concur with our author's opinion that jurisdictional disputes discredit both AFL and CIO unions and that the labor unions should set up more administrative machinery to prevent the quarrel for jobs and power among workers and their leaders.

It is unfair for Mr. Huberman to allege that the AFL "had been concerned only with the organization of *skilled* workers." One can give great credit to the CIO for organizing the mass production workers in autos, steel, and rubber without ignoring the record. There were outstanding examples of industrial unions in the AFL and still are. As proof of the alleged inefficiency of the AFL, Mr. Huberman says that in 1937, out of 38 million organizable workers, the AFL had only organized three million during its fifty-six years; whereas in two years, 1935 to 1937, the CIO had enrolled close to four million. This is only a half truth. Mr. Huberman, as a competent historian, knows about the previous futile radical attempts to organize the American workers in the Wobblies. He repeats in this book the facts about spies and thugs hired by the corporations to smash the earlier unions. In fairness, he should have recognized the difference created by the New Deal decade of 1933-1943. Organizing the steelworkers, even when led by William Z. Foster, failed in 1919 but succeeded when the Wagner Act had been okayed by the Supreme Court. The thoughtful reader will wonder, even according to Mr. Huberman's own inflated statistics, why the AFL has since gone up from the three million mark to the seven million mark, while the CIO has not shown such a commensurate increase. If there was any latent and fatal inefficiency in the AFL, that later growth as well as its persistence through the earlier tough years surely would be an enigma.

It is too bad that Mr. Huberman becomes factional in places because the matter covered by his book should become an essential part of our thinking. (Incidentally, Mr. Huberman is wrong in referring to Harold Shearman as the "educational director of the British Workers Association," for he was second in command of the Workers Educational Association. His directory of unions contradicts his earlier statement, "Most of the railroad unions are affiliated to the AFL.")

The contribution of the unions to community welfare; their success in enriching our democratic way of living; the self-respect they give to the individual worker; the crusade they

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have carried on against the sweatshop and excesses of exploitation; the great contribution they made in burying the Nazis beneath an avalanche of war materiel; the great obstacles in injunctions, judge-made law, company unions, and the attempt by big business to destroy them, which the unions have successfully overcome; the great return they give to the worker for the investment of his dues even measured in dollars and cents, not to mention higher spiritual values; the practical application of democracy in the structure and functioning of the union; their work as welfare agencies; their great potentiality in making democracy work and in enrolling their members as citizens and consumers—all these things are clearly stated and should be read by the people of the United States to understand the great social changes that have been made during the New Deal period and their duty to coöperate with this great progressive force. Such progressive evolution will come much easier if our fellow citizens will read "The Truth About Unions."

300,000,000 Followers

THE MESSENGER—THE LIFE OF MOHAMMED. By R. V. C. Bodley. New York: Doubleday & Company, Inc. 1946. 355 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by EDWARD J. JURJI

THIS volume comes to hand recommended by the author's recognized versatility as writer and his living contact with Mohammedanism. It would, at any rate, merit more than passing notice if only because of the Prophet's centrality in the religion of some three hundred millions today.

Riveted to Mohammed's career, in its bearing upon religion and secular history, this biography follows the line of popular literature. An Englishman, Colonel Bodley saw service with the Indian Army, fought in World War I, and sat at Versailles. To his other assets he brings intimate knowledge of Islamic folk, gained before and through his sojourn, at the instigation of T. E. Lawrence, among the North African tribesmen.

In what vein, it may well be asked, does the author broach his ideas on this controversial subject? And in the very wording of the question lies the subtle implication that in its approach to Islam Western tradition has been divided. In all no less than five diverse schools of thought have emerged: (1) the polemicists with their attack upon the Prophet's integrity; (2) the scholars with detached contributions to Arabic-Islamic studies; (3) the so-called reporters who transmit succinct accounts of what Islam has to say in its own behalf; (4) the enamored enthusiasts whose writings reflect a romantic touch, and (5) the theologians whose primary concern with Islam rests on the assumption that it constitutes an essentially religious problem.

Against this background of divided sentiment, it would appear that the book charts for itself a course running somewhere between schools (3) and (4), blending, that is, the internal approach of the reporter with the romantic flair of the enthusiast. Not in standard works of reference but among the peaks of Kashmir and the golden wastes of the Sahara does Colonel Bodley find his first clues and his final authority. We are informed in advance that the book is intended neither for the scholar nor for the theologian, but "for people who want to know something about Mohammed and Islam."

Involvement in theology proves inescapable, however, as the interpreter proceeds. Otherwise the spiritual intention of Mohammed must remain vague, his claims for the Koran's divine revelation unexplained. Either one takes cognizance of the Prophet's dynamic, his faith, and supernatural presuppositions as they stand, or the idea of the God whom he preached is for ever shrouded in obscurity. Faced with this dilemma, the author's reaction is to purge Islam of every supernatural vestige and then to castigate Judaism and Christianity for the unexpurgated elements of superstitution in their heritage.

R. V. C. Bodley writes "for people who want to know something about Mohammed and Islam."

Comparison of Islam with Judaism and Christianity ought not to shock anybody. The latter two faiths antedate the first as models of monotheism in the Near East. Furthermore, Judaeo-Christianity had to be brought in, for the simple reason that in writing for the Western reader one normally moves from the known to the unknown. Yet comparative religion imposes a set of principles which no writer may disregard without serious consequences. Inherent in the canons of religious criticism is the stipulation that the doctrines and affirmations of any religion shall be reproduced faithfully and reverently even if they be at variance with what the critic himself believes.

That stipulation seems, in this book, to be more honored in the breach. A key sentence, for example, reads: "Mohammed *is* Islam, much more than Moses is Judaism and Jesus is Christianity." Obviously an epigrammatic turn of thought, this bold remark violates the genius of all three religions at once. And to state categorically that Mohammed is Islam or, as we are told elsewhere, that the Koran is Mohammed, is to repudiate the classical and orthodox belief of every Moslem who confesses that Islam is submission to the will of Allah; that the Koran is a divine revelation—the uncreated Word of God.

Apart from all this, the book may be said to carve for itself a place in a realm which for the lack of a better name may be defined as bordering on the orbit of fiction. Here the author's ability, originality, and imaginative talent are brought to focus. That much must be conceded, but not without stricture, as the next two paragraphs will demonstrate.

Bedouin life and the mores of urban Arabs are somewhat confused in the course of the text. Furthermore, to telescope modern and ancient customs is a defect to which imaginative art can be partial. Take, for instance, the scene drawn from Mohammed's youth, when in his middle twenties he was in the employ of Khadija, rich middle-aged widow of Mecca. The reader is told that at one stage in this connection, Mohammed worked for Khadija "at the office looking after the administrative side of the business."

And consider the way Khadija set out to cajole her uncle into sanctioning her marriage with Mohammed:

> . . . she gave a dinner. To the dinner she invited all her nearest relations, including her uncle. . . . The dinner had been specially ordered and carefully cooked. With it were served quantities of imported wines and liqueurs. . . . Toasts were being drunk, speeches

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were being made, the warmth of a well-wined gathering was everywhere. The only diners who were completely sober were Khadija and Mohammed!

This informal sketch ends in pages devoted to Aisha, beloved of Mohammed, whose necklace forms the theme of an earlier chapter. In fact the epilogue closes with a section on Mohammed's wives and concubines. As a record of the great Arabian's life this book perhaps offers delightful reading to some, but it leaves much to be desired. The vitality of the Moslem faith, and the immense spiritual potentialities ordinarily associated with it, remain in partial eclipse throughout.

Edward J. Jurji is assistant professor of Islamics and comparative religion in Princeton Theological Seminary.

The Case for the Admirals

FLEET AGAINST JAPAN. By Fletcher Pratt. With a foreword by Admiral Nimitz. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Bros. 1946. 263 pp. $3.

Reviewed by RON SCHILLER

WOW, but that Fletcher Pratt certainly knows how to spin a yarn! He was undoubtedly the most eloquent naval correspondent of the war. The half dozen books he has written about the Navy in battle read like rousing novels of high adventure, and "Fleet Against Japan" is no exception. For instance, the three campaigns he describes—the Aleutians, the Marianas, and the great Battle of Leyte Gulf—have been told and retold so often that they have already passed into America's nautical folklore. But under Pratt's facile pen the stories of the battles are as fresh and exciting as though they had never been heard before. They are narrated with a throbbing tension that will make a reader's pulse up its pace a few beats. It is hard to put the book down until every last savory morsel has been gobbled up.

The only trouble with Fletcher Pratt's war is that it bears so little resemblance to the war as it was actually fought. Oh, his facts are unimpeachably accurate, of course. But he is such a very careful chooser of facts. He selects only the rosy facts, the nice, sweet-smelling ones. Out of the teeming basket of war he has carefully culled out the mistakes, the cowardice, the boredom, the red tape, the gross stupidity, the unspeakable confusion. What remains is a romantic account of a glamorous war fought by heroic men on gallant ships.

True heroes and resourceful men the Navy had aplenty. They won the war for us, and no praise bestowed upon their deeds can be too fulsome. But it is a poor service both to the Navy and to the American public to pretend that no mistakes were ever made or that the men involved had no human frailities. Every admiral in Mr. Pratt's book is a *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.* Yet one leader he eulogizes was universally detested by the aviators whom he ordered aloft in the foulest weather to attack targets less important for their strategic than their publicity value. Another whom he holds in high esteem was known throughout the fleet as "the stupidest admiral in the Navy." In a section devoted to the battle career of a great ship, he fails to mention that the vessel suffered an operational accident of severest magnitude that will live in naval annals as an example of almost incredible inefficiency.

Now that the war has been won, and wartime morale is no longer a factor to be considered, why must such facts be suppressed? They were common knowledge in the fleet and are certainly known to as astute an observer as Mr. Pratt. The answer, of course, lies in the peculiar position taken by naval leaders regarding unification of the armed forces. Fletcher Pratt is a strong and able supporter of the completely independent Navy. His whole treatment smacks of special pleading, and Admiral Nimitz's foreword is proof that the book has the Navy's official blessing.

Despite its glamorized viewpoint, "Fleet Against Japan" is still an excellent book. It is not a blow-by-blow description of the entire war, but an account which reveals just what it takes to wage and win such a decisive victory. The book starts, quite properly, with a description of a great naval base far removed from the scene of battle (Norfolk in this case), without which the Navy could not exist. Then it examines two representative naval leaders, a minor one (Admiral Callaghan) and a major one (Nimitz). Next it examines the ships, a cruiser *(Salt Lake City),* and a battlewagon *(Washington).* Finally it selects the three campaigns mentioned in the first paragraph of the review, ending with the glorious Battle of Leyte Gulf, which broke the back of the Jap Navy and in effect ended the war. The bloody campaign from that date on, including the atomic bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, was strategically a mopping-up operation.

The small gems of description that stud the book are a source of constant delight. "A base . . . is a place where a fleet touches its foot to land before springing off into blue water." One flag officer is characterized as "short and rubicund with . . . a figure composed of a series of concentric circles." Another admiral "used to summon his flag secretary by calling his name through two closed doors."

Perhaps the best thing in the book is the section devoted to Admiral Callaghan. The author describes in detail the career of this officer, his lifetime of training, his painstaking upward climb, which eventually leads to the great climax of his career—the firing of a single salvo against a Jap battleship. In the next instant the Admiral and his whole staff were wiped out by the returning Japanese fire. It was not a wasted career. The Admiral had fulfilled his goal in life in that single instant.

This is certainly not the last of Fletcher Pratt on the Navy's war. He can write half a dozen more books like this without repeating himself. In years to come, long after more searching and important analyses of the war in the Pacific are published, his books should provide vivid entertainment and inspiration to generations of adolescent boys.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Meg, in "Little Women," by Louisa M. Alcott. 2. "Robinson Crusoe," by Daniel Defoe. 3. Scarlett O'Hara, in "Gone with the Wind," by Margaret Mitchell. 4. Mrs. De Winter, in "Rebecca," by Daphne DuMaurier. 5. Liza Elliot, in "Lady in the Dark," by Moss Hart. 6. Charlotte Vale, in "Now, Voyager," by Olive Higgins Prouty. 7. Lorena Hessenwinkle, in "Three O'Clock Dinner," by Josephine Pinckney. 8. "Gertrude the Governess," by Stephen Leacock. 9. "Trilby," by George DuMaurier. 10. Miss Havisham, in "Great Expectations," by Charles Dickens.

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The Siege of Bastogne

BASTOGNE: THE STORY OF THE FIRST EIGHT DAYS. By Colonel S. L. A. Marshall. Assisted by Captain John G. Westover and Lieutenant A. Joseph Webber. Washington: Infantry Journal Press. 1946. 261 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by
BRIG. GEN. DONALD ARMSTRONG

HISTORY will forever associate Bastogne and General McAuliffe's reply "Nuts!" to the German demand for surrender. The defense and relief of Bastogne will surely be one of the legendary exploits of American arms. Thanks to Colonel S. L. A. Marshall and his co-authors, this siege will be legendary only in its heroism and resourcefulness. Otherwise in all its details the story, as related here, is authentic and accurate in spite of the fog of war and the confusion of combat. The reason for this achievement is noteworthy. Colonel Marshall, a former journalist and military writer, during the late war devised and developed an innovation in military historical methods. It dispels myth and results in a far closer approximation of the truth than any battle report of earlier wars.

Colonel Marshall quotes General Sir Ian Hamilton's remark: "On the day of battle truths stalk naked. Thereafter they put on their little dress uniforms." The Bastogne battle started on December 19, 1944, and the German encirclement was broken on December 26. The team of military historians interviewed officers and whole groups of survivors from December 31 to January 25, 1945. Official records were immediately verified with the officers who had prepared them. Each local action was tested on the ground with battalion and company commanders. The result is honest, factual reporting, a rare achievement in explaining and narrating a military feat that Americans will want to understand more than any other engagement of the war.

The authors recall the events that led to Bastogne. At five o'clock in the morning of December 16, two battle-weary divisions, an infantry division just reaching the front, part of an inexperienced armored division, and a cavalry group comprising our VIII Corps, were suddenly the target for about twenty-five German divisions. The resultant breakthrough of the American lines in the Ardennes necessitated swift counteraction with available reserves. Supreme Headquarters selected Bastogne as the most suitable point for stabilizing the defense. The many highways radiating from this town in the Belgian Ardennes gave the place great strategic value. If held, it would seriously interfere with the German communications. "Hold the Bastogne line at all costs" was the order from VIII Corps. How the order was carried out is the epic story of this book.

Three battle-tested organizations concentrated on Bastogne on December 17 and 18, arriving there just before the Germans. These were Combat Command B — the 10th Armored Division under Colonel

Roberts; the 101st Airborne Division under Major General McAuliffe; and the 705th Tank Destroyer Battalion. The first two days after they assembled, chaotic conditions and an almost impenetrable ground fog made the situation uncertain and doubtful. All the fierce German attacks were nevertheless repulsed, although these American units had been thrown into sudden partnership by the crisis. Skeptical Colonel Roberts asked General McAuliffe when the latter requested the armor be attached to his division: "What do you know about armor?" The general's reply deserves almost as much fame as the "Nuts!" message: "Maybe you want the 101st Division attached to your combat command." The verdict of history must be that these three larger units and the smaller detachments in this pocket swiftly developed perfect and most effective teamwork. Failure met the German attempts to break through the town during the first forty-eight hours, to drive around it the following two days, and to strangle the defending force during the next six.

The demand for surrender came on December 22. The entire episode is a sample of grim humor that enlivens the three pages devoted to it. What the German land and air attacks could not accomplish, however, the crisis in supplies nearly brought about. The field artillery had hardly ten rounds per gun. General McAuliffe's orders to his artillery were not to fire "until you see the whites of their eyes." Small arms ammunition was also dwindling dangerously. Improvement in the weather finally enabled supply by air to save this precarious situation. Likewise, the Air Forces were able at last to attack the besiegers most effectively.

Noteworthy in this defense were superb leadership and morale. The position was naturally strong, but the reader of this book will agree with General McAuliffe's estimate that the victory at Bastogne was due largely to the overwhelming superiority of his artillery, the effective air support, and the courage of the men on the ground.

There was bitter disappointment that relief failed to come as hoped for and expected on Christmas Day. December 26, however, saw the encirclement broken when the hard fighting 4th Armored Division forced its way through the Nazi lines at the cost of a thousand men and hundreds of tanks.

Colonel Marshall's contribution to military history is a model of what one would like to find in such narrative. Terrain and weather, leadership, morale, and equipment, are all carefully considered for their influence on the event. Luck is another element that played its part here as always. The authors overlook no single element in their effort to draw a clear and complete picture of the first eight days of Bastogne except the omission of the number of men, rifles, guns, mortars, and tanks involved. The opportunity of cross-examining the leaders of the attacking divisions of the German army and of including their stories is fully exploited to make this book unique in its field. There may be too much military detail for the layman, but this will not be difficult to skip. The photographs, maps, and the drawings by Technical Sergeant Olin Dows assist the readers in following the course of history. As sieges go, this one was exceedingly brief, but the book does full justice to a most memorable episode in American military annals.

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The Atomic Age

HIROSHIMA: EYE-WITNESS

The first eye-witness account of the atom-bombing of Hiroshima last August comes from a member of the Society of Jesus, professor of modern philosophy at Tokyo's Catholic University. It appears here by special arrangement with Jesuit Mission.

UP TO August 6, occasional bombs, which did no great damage, had fallen on Hiroshima. Many cities roundabout, one after the other, were destroyed, but Hiroshima itself remained protected. There were almost daily observation planes over the city but none of them dropped a bomb. The citizens wondered why they alone had remained undisturbed for so long a time. There were fantastic rumors that the enemy had something special in mind for this city, but no one dreamed that the end would come in such a fashion as on the morning of August 6.

August 6 began in a bright, clear, summer morning. About seven o'clock, there was an air raid alarm —we had had one almost every day —and a few planes appeared over the city. No one paid any attention, and at about eight o'clock, the all-clear was sounded. I am sitting in my room at the Novitiate of the Society of Jesus in Nagatsuka; during the past half year, the philosophical and theological section of our mission had been evacuated to this place from Tokyo. The Novitiate is situated approximately two kilometers from Hiroshima, half-way up the sides of a broad valley which stretches from the town at sea level into this mountainous hinterland, and through which courses a river. From my window I have a wonderful view down the valley to the edge of the city.

Suddenly—the time is approximately 8:15—the whole valley is filled by a garish light which resembles the magnesium light used in photography, and I am conscious of a wave of heat. I jump to the window to find out the cause of this remarkable phenomenon, but I see nothing more than that brilliant yellow light. As I make for the door, it doesn't occur to me that the light might have something to do with enemy planes. On the way from the window, I hear a moderately loud explosion which seems to come from a distance and, at the same time, the windows are broken in with a loud crash. There has been an interval of perhaps ten seconds since the flash of light. I am sprayed by fragments of glass. The entire window frame has been forced into the room. I realize now that a bomb has burst and I am under the impression that it exploded directly over our house or in the immediate vicinity.

I am bleeding from cuts about the hands and head. I attempt to get out of the door. It has become jammed. I force an opening in the door by means of repeated blows with my hands and feet and come to a broad hallway from which open the various rooms. Everything is in a state of confusion. All windows are broken and all the doors are forced inwards. The book-shelves in the hallway have tumbled down. I do not note a second explosion and the fliers seem to have gone on. Most of my colleagues have been injured by fragments of glass. A few are bleeding but none has been seriously injured. All of us have been fortunate, since it is now apparent that the wall of my room opposite the window has been lacerated by long fragments of glass.

We proceed to the front of the house to see where the bomb has landed. There is no evidence, however, of a bomb crater, but the southeast section of the house is very severely damaged. Not a door or window remains. The blast of air had penetrated the entire house from the southeast, but the house still stands. It is constructed in a Japanese style with a wooden framework, but has been greatly strengthened by the labor of our Brother Gropper. Only along the front of the chapel which adjoins the house, three supports have given way (it has been made in the manner of a Japanese temple, entirely out of wood).

Down in the valley, perhaps one kilometer toward the city from us, several peasant homes are on fire and the woods on the opposite side of the valley are aflame. A few of us go over to help control the flames. While we are attempting to put things in order, a storm comes up and it begins to rain. Over the city, clouds of smoke are rising and I hear a few slight explosions. I come to the conclusion that an incendiary bomb with an especially strong explosive action has gone off down in the valley.

Perhaps a half-hour after the explosion, a procession of people begins to stream up the valley from the city. The crowd thickens continuously. A few come up the road to our house. We give them first aid and bring them into the chapel, which we have in the meantime cleaned and cleared of wreckage, and put them to rest on the straw mats which constitute the floor of Japanese houses. A few displayed horrible wounds of the extremities and back. The small quantity of fat which we possessed during this time of war was soon used up in the care of the burns. Father Rektor who, before taking

—*Press Association, Inc.*

"The magnitude of the disaster that befell Hiroshima was slowly pieced together . . . almost the entire city was destroyed at a single blow . . . only outlying districts escaped."

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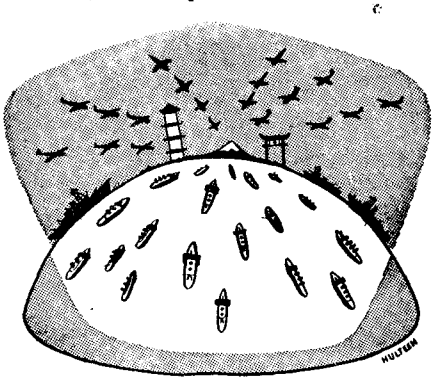
holy orders, had studied medicine, ministers to the injured, but our bandages and drugs are soon gone. We must be content with cleansing the wounds.

More and more of the injured come to us. The least injured drag the more seriously wounded. There are wounded soldiers, and mothers carrying burned children in their arms. From the houses of the farmers in the valley comes word: "Our houses are full of wounded and dying. Can you help, at least by taking the worst cases?" The wounded come from the sections at the edge of the city. They saw the bright light, their houses collapsed and buried the inmates in their rooms. Those that were in the open suffered instantaneous burns, particularly on the lightly clothed or unclothed parts of the body. Numerous fires sprang up which soon consumed the entire district. We now conclude that the epicenter of the explosion was at the edge of the city near the Jokogawa Station, three kilometers away from us. We are concerned about Father Kopp, who that same morning went to hold mass at the Sisters of the Poor, who have a home for children at the edge of the city. He had not returned as yet.

Toward noon, our large chapel and library are filled with the seriously injured. The procession of refugees from the city continues. Finally, about one o'clock, Father Kopp returns, together with the sisters. Their house and the entire district where they live has burned to the ground. Father Kopp is bleeding about the head and neck, and he has a large burn on the right palm. He was standing in front of the nunnery ready to go home. All of a sudden, he became aware of the light, felt the wave of heat, and a large blister formed on his hand. The windows were torn out by the blast. He thought that the bomb had fallen in his immediate vicinity. The nunnery, also a wooden structure made by our Brother Cropper, still remained, but soon it is noted that the house is as good as lost because the fire, which had begun at many points in the neighborhood, sweeps closer and closer, and water is not available. There is still time to rescue certain things from the house and to bury them in an open spot. Then the house is swept by flame, and they fight their way back to us along the shore of the river and through the burning streets.

SOON comes news that the entire city has been destroyed by the explosion and that it is on fire. What became of the Father Superior and the three other Fathers who were at the center of the city at the Central Mission and Parish House? We had up to this time not given them a thought, because we did not believe that the effect of the bomb encompassed the entire city. Also, we did not want to go into town except under pressure of dire necessity, because we thought that the population was greatly perturbed and that it might take revenge on any foreigners, whom they might consider spiteful onlookers of their misfortune, or even spies.

Father Stolte and Father Erlinghagen go down to the road, which is still full of refugees, and bring in the seriously injured, who have sunken by the wayside, to the temporary aid station at the village school. There iodine is applied to the wounds, but they are left uncleansed.



Neither ointments nor other therapeutic agents are available. Those that have been brought in are laid on the floor and no one can give them any further care. What could one do when all means are lacking? Under those circumstances, it is almost useless to bring them in. Among the passers-by, there are many who are uninjured. In a purposeless, insensate manner, distraught by the magnitude of the disaster, most of them rush by and none conceives the thought of organizing help on his own initiative. They are concerned only with the welfare of their own families. It became clear to us during these days that the Japanese displayed little initiative, preparedness, and organizational skill in preparation for catastrophes. They failed to carry out any rescue work when something could have been saved by a coöperative effort, and fatalistically let the castastrophe take its course. When we urged them to take part in the rescue work, they did everything willingly, but on their own initiative they did very little.

At about four o'clock in the afternoon, a theology student and two kindergarten children, who lived at the Parish House and adjoining buildings which had burned down, came in and said that Father Superior La Salle and Father Schiffer had been seriously injured and that they had taken refuge in Asano Park on the river bank. It is obvious that we must bring them in, since they are too weak to come here on foot.

HURRIEDLY we get together two stretchers and seven of us rush toward the city. Father Rektor comes along with food and medicine. The closer we get to the city, the greater is the evidence of destruction and the more difficult it is to make our way. The houses at the edge of the city are all severely damaged. Many have collapsed or burned down. Further in, almost all of the dwellings have been damaged by fire. Where the city stood, there is a gigantic burned-out scar. We make our way along the street on the river bank among the burning and smoking ruins. Twice we are forced into the river itself by the heat and smoke.

Frightfully burned people beckon to us. Along the way there are many dead and dying. On the Misasi Bridge, which leads into the inner city, we are met by a long procession of soldiers who have suffered burns. They drag themselves along with the help of staves or are carried by their less severely injured comrades.

Abandoned on the bridge, there stand with sunken heads a number of horses with large burns on their flanks. On the far side, the cement structure of the local hospital is the only building that remains standing. Its interior, however, has been burned out. It acts as a landmark to guide us.

Finally we reach the entrance of the park. A large proportion of the populace has taken refuge there, but even the trees of the park are on fire in several places. Paths and bridges are blocked by the trunks of fallen trees and are almost impassible. We are told that a high wind, which may well have resulted from the heat of the burning city, has uprooted the large trees. It is now quite dark. Only the fires, which are still raging in some places at a distance, give out a little light.

At the far corner of the park, on the river bank itself, we at last come upon our colleagues. Father Schiffer is on the ground, pale as a ghost. He has a deep incised wound behind the ear and has lost so much blood that we are concerned about his chances for survival. The Father Superior has suffered a deep wound of the lower leg. Father Cieslik and Father Kelinsorge have minor injuries but are completely exhausted.

While they are eating the food that we have brought along, they tell us of their experiences. They were in their rooms at the parish house—

(*Continued on page* 40)

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Strictly Personal

THE SORROWS OF OLD SCRATCH

"If it happens (the destruction of the earth by a chemical chain reaction set off by atomic bombs) it will be all over—and we won't have to explain that one."
—MAJOR GENERAL LESLIE R. GROVE

EVERY man has his own interpretation of the phrase "pursuit of happiness." For me it means waking up each morning in a certain way, and without getting out of bed. The first item, after the pillows are properly arranged, is breakfast. Beyond the tray the *Times* and *Herald Tribune* are arranged, with the latter on top because its headlines are printed in heavier ink. At first I can distinguish nothing; even eight column banner headlines are a blur. After the first cup of coffee I can read the *Trib*; the *Times* is now like a faded letter—I can distinguish that there is printing of some sort on the pages. After the second cup of coffee I can read the *Times* headlines, and when the pot is empty I am ready for the death notices, Mexican attorneys, and Walter Lippmann. There is no better system for coming alive each day; all else is folly.

Well, one morning last week I had just gone from Mark Sullivan (first sip of the third cup) to dire prophecies—"Balkans Seen As Trouble Spot," "Labor Government Seen England's Peril," "Crime Wave Seen National Tragedy," "Christianity Seen As World Failure," "Lauren Bacall Seen As New Type Woman"—when I had the slight, oppressive feeling of being no longer alone. Reluctantly I peered through the steam, aiming my gaze at the foot of the bed. A man was standing there, a man in a Brooks Brothers suit, with a flower in his buttonhole. Grover Whalen? Lucuis Beebe? President Truman? You can never tell, nowadays. Then I put the coffee cup down and realized that the steam remained. It was leaking from the man's collar.

"Old Scratch!" I said. "What a nice surprise. I haven't seen you since you invented the WAC uniform."

"Please," he said. "This is no laughing matter. Do you think I would come up to this freezing mudball at this hour of the morning unless the situation was serious?"

"Where did you get the suit?" I asked. "Boys coming out of the army are forced to wear overalls. You're depriving some veteran—"

"I'm an old customer and it's an odd size. Besides, it isn't important. Nothing is important now, except one thing."

My vision had cleared sufficiently so that his face was visible to me. I had never seen him so worried. He leaned toward me.

"You've got to help me," he said.

"Again," I said, relaxing against the pillows. "What do you want me to do?"

Old Scratch, you see, is my brother. I had nothing to do with the trouble he got into—I was stationed at a cosmic outpost, protecting pioneer nebulae, when it happened—but I was part of the family and I went along with him when he was thrown out of the heavenly choir (the heavenly choir is just a mathematical formula, but it makes a lot of difference when you're not in it; your head hurts all the time). For a while I helped him with his work, particularly during the Middle Ages, he was busy, but after the Magna Carta was signed I quit; I couldn't get interested in politics. Lately I have been doing part time jobs, mostly in Hollywood, and with publishers and dress designers. My main occupation is studying to be a saint.

"You know precisely what you can do," my brother said. "You can begin immediately to be a saint. You've had enough training, and there isn't a day to be lost. The whole place is apt to blow up any minute."

"Why should I pull your little chestnut out of the fire?" I asked. "Do your own work. Being a saint is extremely difficult; it means getting up at two o'clock in the morning to meditate, and breakfasting on dried bread and cold water. I'm not ready for it yet."

"You're being unreasonable," he said. "You're as ready now as you will ever be. You've lost your appetite for earthly pleasure."

"Thanks to you. With high taxes, high prices, bureaucracy, strikes, shortages, and this terrible weather, practically everyone is ready to be a saint. If things get any worse everyone will *be* a saint."

"It's not that bad, and I have nothing to do with the weather, as you know. A small summer breeze is the most I can manage. If I had my way it would always be spring, but the way things are going now I'm afraid to even wish such a thing, for fear it will happen."

HIS countenance reflected a feeling of injured benevolence. He pointed a long, smouldering forefinger at me.

"It's completely unfair and you know it," he said. "The contest was to be fair and square, His skill against mine. I was to do my best and He was to do His best. It's against the rules for Him to just lie back and let everything that I inspire come to perfection without opposition."

"I should think that would please you," I said. "It means you win the contest. Isn't that what you want?"

"You know damned well it isn't. You've studied metaphysics long enough to know what will happen to me if I win."

"You'll be out of a job."

"Naturally; and jobs are hard to get. Look at the returning soldiers. They won a contest too. I don't want to be in their fix."

He tapped nervously on the bed post. "Stop smirking," he said irritably. "I was thinking," I said. "You were smirking," he said. "You had the same look on your face the night your friend Aquinas chased me out of his room with a burning stick from the fireplace."

"You looked so silly masquerading as a naked woman; and you look so silly now, with your scientific friends giving you the double-cross. If you hadn't been so ambitious it wouldn't have happened. Why didn't you stick to things you can manage—women, liquor, money, power? They were too slow for you. There were too many good women, too

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many men who could take a drink or leave it, too many people content with a reasonable income, too many personalities concerned only with winning power over themselves. You wanted everybody to be wicked."

"I wanted everybody to be a *little* wicked. There's a difference. Besides, it wasn't ambition; it was necessity. You know nothing of economics so there is no sense in going into it with you. The point is that it was not supposed to go this far. I wanted everyone, however ignorant and lacking in talent, to have all the pleasures of the world at his command. Science was the answer, and for a while it worked—they could all go to the movies and vicariously enjoy concupiscence on a Roman scale. They could own cars, and drive in them to views which filled them with awe and a sense of beauty and a love for the earth. No girl was safe from me in an open car under the stars, with Guy Lombardo's music pouring at her from the radio. That was just the beginning, of course; women were still essential to me. They were emancipated from the kitchen, disrobed, put into silk stockings and uplift brassieres—"

"You overplayed that. Men either had to get used to them in their most exciting costumes, or give up work and monogamy."

"Nonsense. Vary the neckline an eighth of an inch and the process starts all over again. But the next step was to emancipate everyone from most of his labor and yet give him enough money to make whatever he wanted available."

HE shook his head. "I had no idea capital would be so stubborn—"

"Or that labor would go so far. You did not foresee that workmen would no longer take pride in their work, that craftsmanship would disappear, that the idea of getting something for nothing would kill off a whole class of people which formerly depended for its livelihood on the energy of its labors and the loyalty with which they were performed."

"That was *His* lookout! Instead of furnishing them with virtue when they needed it most, to combat my temptations, he withdrew it entirely. He did the same thing with capitalists. Where is their love for their fellow man? He always gave it to them before, to fight the avarice I poured over them. They don't even seem to have the avarice any more. They just don't care."

"Why should they? Taxes are so high that it's impossible any more to make a lot of money, and what money is left is useless for buying such things as good wines, good servants,

"No no, Miss La Mott . . . use your *other* expression!"

good entertainment, good art, good women. These things no longer exist. That's why the very men who *could* do something about the atomic bomb are inclined to regard it with indifference. What if the place does blow up? So much the better. Good riddance. The things which you counted on to make life increasingly pleasurable are no longer available because everyone thinks he is worthy of having them but no one considers himself humble enough to produce them."

"That damned bomb!" He was pacing back and forth in great excitement now. "Of all the catastrophes that was the worst. I never intended them to succeed, and He knew it. His job was to stop them, to cloud their brains. I can't do that—I can only stimulate mentality. He knew I wanted atomic power so that all people could devote their lives exclusively to pleasure! So what did He do? He let them make a bomb! An atomic bomb!

"And where is He now, with the bombs loosed on the world, and the chances ten to one somebody will start throwing them at somebody else in ten or fifteen years? Where is He? He is nowhere."

"Nowhere on earth, you mean," I corrected.

"Don't heckle. You know what I mean. Where are His churches? They haven't said a word; they haven't made a single effort to warn the people, or stir them up to save themselves. Where are all the good women whom I helped win the right to vote?—I couldn't entice the suffragettes any other way so I gave them what they wanted and tempted them with its power. Have they done anything?"

"What could they do?" I asked. I was relaxed against the pillows; pleased, I admit, at the old fellow's predicament. He had gotten me into this mess. Now, by a superfluity of cunning and desire, he was getting me out of it. One good chain reaction and all of us would be free; the earth would become molten and the whole unfortunate experiment would be ended. What could we lose, except Old Scratch?

"They could stage mass meetings!" he stormed. "They could march on Washington! They could deny themselves to their husbands!"

"You have something there," I admitted.

"I *did* have something," he said mournfully. "I've been working to tear it down for ten thousand years, and I've just about succeeded. American women will deny themselves nothing."

His eyebrows dropped; his gaze pierced me. "There is no other alternative," he said. "I must supply the virtue myself. I must save myself from victory; otherwise I am lost. It's all a matter of mathematics and balance. There is too much weight on my side of the equation; the balance is being lost, and without balance there is no free will, no good and evil, no individuality."

"And no pain in the head," I added joyfully.

Old Scratch was dejected.

"Very well," he said. "If that's all the concern you have in being an angel, let it slide. Blow yourself up with the rest of the fools, and spend

(*Continued on page* 47)

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THE PULITZER PRIZES

FOR the first time in the history of the award, the Pulitzer Committee has failed to name winners in two categories of literature. Twice before—in 1920 and in 1941—it declined, as this year, to choose a novel; once before—in 1919—it selected no volume of history. It has never before this year refused to commit itself in the field of poetry.

Or are the two omissions something more than a refusal on the part of the committee to commit itself? Do the refusals actually commit it to a denial that any novel or any poetry of prizeworthy stature was published during 1945? *The Saturday Review* believes they do. No attempt will be made here to indicate what titles the committee might have chosen. Twenty-nine of the nation's leading book reviewers submitted their own choices for the awards, which were published in the April 27 *SRL*. They selected eighteen novelists and fifteen poets. Two reviewers anticipated the verdict of the committee by declining to name a novel, and five forecast the judicial decision even more emphatically by declining to pick a volume of poetry. Certainly among the eighteen novelists and the fifteen poets nominated were possibilities that would have been superior or at least equal to some selections which the Pulitzer Committee has actually chosen over the years.

Linnie Marsh Wolfe's "Son of the Wilderness," a life of John Muir, is apparently deserving of the biography award, even though none of the twenty-nine reviewers selected it. The word "apparently" is not used with any intent to patronize. The book is not well known because its subject was not a figure of surpassing eminence or romantic color or scandalous reputation—attributes at least one of which is more or less essential to the wide dissemination of biographical literature. This factor was very properly disregarded by the committee, and the choice can be regarded as sound.

The election of "The Age of Jackson," by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., will be hailed universally. Seventeen of the twenty-nine reviewers selected this as their history title, and one chose it as biography. Approximate unanimity of this sort is unusual among critics, and the *SRL* is mildly elated at having been the medium through which the history winner was adumbrated.

Wars and the ends of wars seem to have a disturbing effect on writers, or on Pulitzer Committees, or perhaps on both. As was noted earlier in this comment, the committee declined to name a novel in 1920 and a history in 1919. Any novel published in 1920, certainly any history published in 1919, must have been in gestation while the First World War was in the waging. The Second World War was a more elaborate enterprise, which may account for the failure to choose books in two categories.

CURTICE HITCHCOCK

CURTICE HITCHCOCK, president of Reynal & Hitchcock, Inc., who died on the night of May 2 at the age of fifty-four, was one of the most broadly trained and high-minded men in the publishing fraternity. He was a Vermonter born, and a graduate of the University of Vermont, who began his career as a teacher and as a journalist. In the First World War he was a member of the Council on National Defense, and afterwards a second lieutenant in the United States Army. In the recent war, he represented American publishers and the Office of War Information on a special mission to England. For seven years he was vice-president of the Macmillan Company, and later of the Century Company. In 1934 he formed with Eugene Reynal the firm of Reynal & Hitchcock, Inc. This organization soon gained high praise for the excellence and wide distribution of its books. The most sensationally successful of its recent publications was Lillian Smith's "Strange Fruit."

Mr. Hitchcock was one of the best-loved men in his profession. He had a lively mind, a gay and engaging humor, and an interest in affairs and men, as well as in literature, that always insured him a warm welcome among many close friends who will mourn his passing. His summer home was on a grassy hilltop above Old Lyme, Connecticut, and as a fisherman for trout and salmon he was unexcelled. His death is a great loss, for he was always forward-looking, and particularly interested in the work of younger writers.

Hand of Chance

By Leonard Bacon

POETRY never
Was spun from the mind,
Though it be clever,
Though it be kind.

Though truth and charity
Nourish the thought,
The brave singularity
Cannot be caught.

How is it taken?
By fortune's invention,
When sunken dreams waken
Into comprehension,

Things not known,
From the underdeep,
Drifting to the lone
Land beyond Sleep.

Color from the womb
Of the abyss!
Deep-sea perfume
Of ambergris!

Who can measure,
Who can teach
What tide brings treasure,
To our beach,

What intellect
By process strict
Could "bright defect
Of the pearl" predict?

They who too well
The mind exploit
At miracle
Prove maladroit.

By some weak dead
Idea bemused,
They cannot tread
On a path unused.

Nor move beyond
Our petty bound
Over seas unconned,
In whose profound,

Despite our guess
And subterfuge,
Bulks, masterless,
The kraken huge.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Errors in the "Britannica"

SIR: Reference to the "Encyclopedia Britannica" usually settles the argument. The immense value of the book is indisputable. Therefore any inaccuracy found therein is startling and assumes far larger proportions than if found in any other reference book.

I shall refer to a few such inaccuracies contained in the articles written on three members of the group known popularly as the "Mighty Five"—the representatives of Russian national music. (1) Cui, César Antonovitch (Volume 6, Page 847, 1943 edition): One sentence in this article reads: "In 1858 he married the pianist Mademoiselle Hamberg and next year produced privately his first operetta."

Apart from the wording of this sentence, which might make a Frenchman raise his eyebrows, the information is incorrect. Cui did not marry Mademoiselle Hamberg, but Malvina Bamberg, a poor girl who was not French, but German, and not a pianist, but a singer.

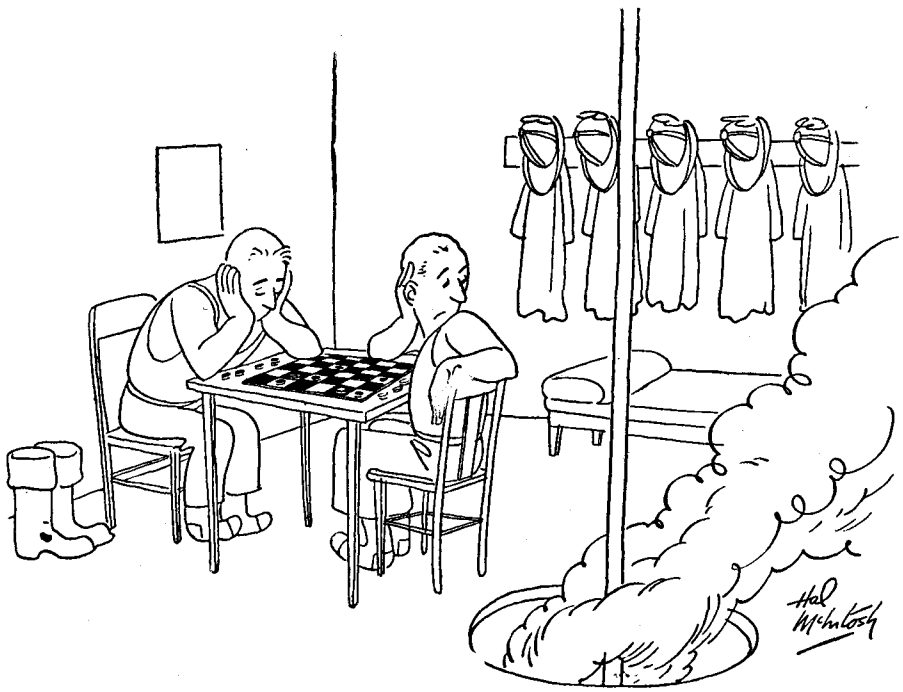
Cui, who was of French descent, could never master German, and it was his wife who helped him with the language whenever he was in need of it in his musical and military studies. Although the misspelling of his wife's name might be simply a typographical error, in this case it would be misleading to a student of Cui's music. Using the German notation which is also employed in Russia, Cui, in the flush of his love for his fiancée, wrote his first serious composition, "Scherzo" (Opus 1), on a theme based on letters from her name (he did not use "M" and "R"): B—A—B—E—G, and his own initials: C—C. This was not a particularly original, brilliant, or spiritual basis for a theme, but such are the compositions of many romantically inspired young men. (Schumann's "Abegg Variations," Opus 1, were written on the name of the Countess Abegg, and even Bach used the letters of his name as the foundation for a fugue.)

Malvina Bamberg studied singing with Alexander Dargomijsky, a well-known Russian composer, at whose home Cui met her. She aspired to a career on the stage.

Since in the German notation "B" is equivalent to the English "B flat," and "H" is equivalent to the English "B," had Cui used the letters in "Hamberg" instead of "Bamberg," the first note of the theme would have been one-half tone higher, and the theme would have begun on "B natural" instead of "B flat," thus:

BA(M)BE(R)G—B flat, A, B flat, E, G.
HA(M)BE(R)G—B, A, B flat, E, G.

The operetta which is mentioned in the article, called the "Son of a Mandarin," was not produced privately the year after their marriage, but was performed at a party for the bride-to-be in the home of her parents. Cui himself said that he wrote the operetta for his bride, and she sang the leading woman's role.



(2) Moussorgsky, Modest Petrovich (Volume 16, Page 31, 1943 edition): A part of this article reads: "His greatest opera, 'Boris Godunov,' based on Pushkin's drama, was produced in St. Petersburg in 1874. 'Khovantschina,' also based on the period of Peter the Great, was finished by Rimsky-Korsakov."

Moussorgsky's "Boris Godunov" deals with the reign of Boris, who ascended the throne in 1598, while "Kovanchina" deals with Prince Kovansky at the time of Peter the Great, who took the throne in 1682. The difference in time is a small matter of eighty-four of the most turbulent years in Russian history.

In Rimsky-Korsakov's version of Moussorgsky's drama "Boris Godunov," the only one which has been presented, Moussorgsky deals with the personal drama of Boris, his persecution mania and guilty conscience, while "Kovanchina" deals with the schism between the religious party of old believers and the government during the first years of the reign of Peter the Great when, backed by the "Streltzi" (archers), whose head was Prince Kovanski, he shared the throne with Ivan under the regency of his sister Sophia.

The last sentence of the article, "He had taken to drugs and was a mere shadow of his former self," is incorrect. Moussorgsky never took drugs. He became an alcoholic (he drank wine and cognac) in 1874, and eventually died of a combination of illnesses which were the result of alcholism.

At the time of his death he was not a "mere shadow of his former self"; on the contrary, as one can see from the picture of him painted by Ilya Repin during the last days of his life, he had become heavier and more florid.

(3) Balakirev, Mily Alexeivich (Volume 2, Page 950, 1943 edition): Part of the article reads: "In 1869 he became director of the Imperial Chapel and conductor of the Imperial Russian Musical Society. He found, however, that official duties were quite incompatible with the development of his own creative powers, and in 1874, therefore, he retired into the country and devoted himself solely to composition, the most important production of his labors being revealed in due course in the shape of his finest work, the symphonic poem 'Tamara'."

Except for the fact that Balakirev became the conductor of the Imperial Russian Musical Society in 1869, this statement is entirely incorrect. Balakirev did not become the director of the Imperial Chapel until 1883, and therefore it was not his "official duties" which were "quite incompatible with the development of his own creative powers," etc. The facts are these: Balakirev failed as the conductor of his own Free Music School to compete successfully with the Imperial Russian Musical Society, which he left in 1871. The complexity of his nature and the series of disappointments and defeats which he had suffered gradually propelled him into a state of religious mania wherein he hoped to solve his problems.

He did not go to the country to live the life of a squire, as the article implies, and he did not devote himself to music, as the article states, but, since he was penniless, he took the position of a minor clerk in a station of the Warsaw Railroad on the outskirts of the city. He held this position from 1873 to 1876. During these four years he took no part in musical life, and in fact resented any mention of music, for he considered it the cause of all the calamities which had befallen him.

As for his composition "Tamara," he started it in the early 1860's, long before his retirement. Although Ludmilla Shestakova (the sister of Michael Glinka), his friend, constantly urged him to complete it, after his return from his retirement, it was not until a priest (of the

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Church of Zachary and Elizabeth) convinced him that the "talent given him by God ought not to be allowed to wither" that he actually finished "Tamara."

In closing my remarks on the inaccuracies which I have found, I should like to state most emphatically that there are two things which I would hate: to be assigned the job of correcting the "Brittanica," and to part with my set.

VICTOR SEROFF.

New York City.

Limericks Are Limericks

SIR: Whither are we drifting, is what I want to know. It was only recently that Louis Untermeyer, who should certainly know better, in an article on limericks in *Reader's Digest* misled eleven million readers by including as a limerick a "poem" which was not one. Now in *PM* for 12 April, one Seymour Peck, probably a victim of slipshod modern education, permits himself to write:

> Arthur Godfrey received this old limerick [*sic*] from one *Chiquita* fan:
>
> "Here lies my wife Susanna,
> Done to her death by a banana.
> It wasn't the fruit that made her go,
> It was the skin of the thing that
> laid her low."

That's not only no limerick, but pretty feeble as a quatrain.

This is a call to action. Something must be done to save the noble limerick form from the illiterati, among whom I fear we must, until apologies are forthcoming, include the learned Mr. Untermeyer. I tentatively propose the founding of a Society for the Preservation of the Limerick. Communications will be received at the address given below.

Too many perpetrators of alleged limericks place themselves in the position of the Young Man of Japan—but he, at least, *knew* that he was in an untenable position, and apologized for it.

W. G. GAFFNEY.

Chevy Chase, Md.

Austria Wants Books

SIR: I have recently returned from Austria after undergoing seven interminable years of German occupation. I have decided to write you in behalf of the Austrians I left behind me who are starving for ideas and books from the outside world, for they are longing for contact with world thought. I would like to send them all kinds of books, some telling how these years appeared to the people of America. Printers, editors, and publishers have all said to me, "Send us books. We will get the paper; the presses are idle; the workmen eager to start."

Any list I would suggest would merely reflect my personal taste, but as an illustration of how I would choose there is Ernest Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls," which, because it tells so truly about war as many of us have seen it, has a healing quality; "Our Town," by Thornton Wilder, because it tells about America, the enchanted land of which all are so eager to hear. But the selection belongs to those who have not missed the years I have.

MRS. HEINZ TESCHNER.

Care of Albert McVitty,
Princeton University,
Princeton, N. J.

Reviewords

SIR: If all these words are now taboo,
What can the poor reviewer do?
Without *shot through* or *meaningful*
His best endeavor may be dull.
And how can he assurance give,
Lacking a brisk *definitive?*
Astringent and *dichotomy,*
Come spring, are signs of *sanity.*
Provocative may be foregone
If *challenging* is not undone,
But do not jeopardize his crust
With interdiction of *must.*
And when *sadistic* is the rage,
Blame not the critic but his age.

R. D. MILLER.

Baltimore, Md.

All in the Family

SIR: Now that the book-publishing world has discovered a gold mine hidden in the dark recesses of the unconscious mind, it is perhaps futile—perhaps pedantic—to insist on complete accuracy of psychological terms. But won't you please tell your reviewer, William S. Lynch, that when a young lady falls in love with her father she is suffering from an Electra complex. Oedipus, he will remember, was the young man who married his mother.

ETHELIND MUNROE.

New York, N. Y.

Nurses in Novels

SIR: I wonder if you would be kind enough to ask your readers for me if they would send me any references they have run across or might run across to the nurse in fiction? I am beginning to collect material for a book on this subject and I am particularly interested in stories and novels in which the author has presented the nurse in a particular light or in which he has shown the influence of the nurse upon those around her. I shall be very grateful to you and to your readers.

WILLIAM SEREY POWELL.

Huntington, W. Va.

Don't you just *love* nature?

Harsh Words

SIR: It must have been something I read:

> If noses were rubber erasers,
> To my death
> On this theme
> I would dote:
>
> Make many a critic unhappy
> By rubbing out
> With his snout
> What he wrote!

G. S. GARRATT.

Massillon, Ohio.

Coincidence?

SIR: Does your perceptive Mr. John Mason Brown see any significance in the fact that both Academy Oscars for the best male movie performances of 1945 went to actors portraying characters who were hopeless alcoholics?

HARRY MCGUIRE

Santa Barbara, Calif.

Decent Fellows, What?

SIR: I hasten to put
Outside of my pen
Any book in which
Brass uses "my men."

ROLLO G. SILVER.

Brockton, Mass.

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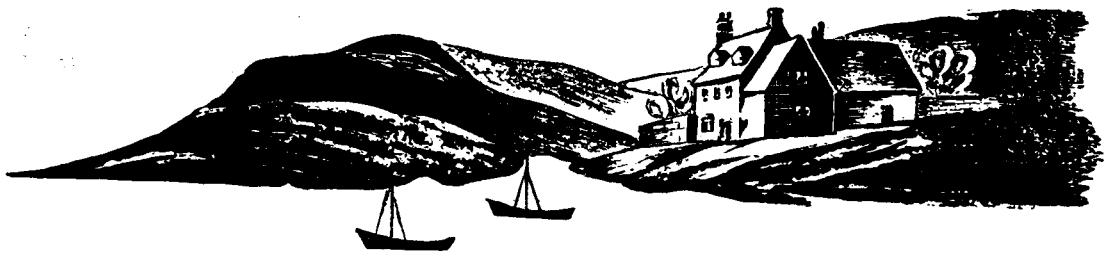
A novel of old Ireland in the days of Parnell, by the author of *The Informer*



LAND

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➡ It is the year 1869 in Ireland. There are two kinds of people—landlords and peasants—and nothing in between but hatred and fear.

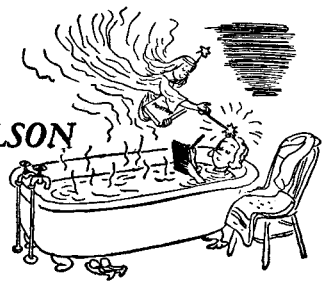
From the tangled skeins of life in those hectic days, O'Flaherty weaves the gripping story of two men from two different worlds who joined hands to answer the clarion call of freedom. *$2.50*

A light-hearted book about an irrepressible young lady who *insisted* on becoming a writer

WE SHOOK THE FAMILY TREE

By HILDEGARDE DOLSON

Roguishly illustrated by ROBERT DAY



➡ Hildegarde arrived in New York on the day of the Stock Market crash—but that was probably coincidental. Her madcap adventures with her happy-go-lucky family in Pennsylvania, and her bizarre experiences as a struggling writer in the Big City—from writing Burlesque lyrics she didn't understand to receiving her first check from the *New Yorker*—are recorded with reckless gaiety and engaging irreverence. *$2.50*

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TRADE Winds

TAYLOR CALDWELL has written other best-sellers before "This Side of Innocence," but none of them was gobbled up before publication for the movies by the demoniacal Hal Horne. Mrs. Caldwell was unprepared, therefore, for the welcome she received at Grand Central Station at the crack of dawn recently, when she stepped unsuspectingly from a Pullman after a sleepless journey from Buffalo.

Four reporters grabbed her by the elbows and began asking the story of her life, flashlight bulbs popped in her face, and Mr. Horne himself got into a picture with her atop a pile of luggage belonging to a Miss Willenda Hoopenstraffer of Rochester. The one saving feature of the demonstration, from Mrs. Caldwell's point of view, was that some Good Samaritan had thrust a pair of nylon hose into her hands. It was only after the fourth flashlight picture had been snapped and a third vice-president of Mr. Horne's Kniesteres Club had stepped firmly on her hat, that she noticed that the nylons had vanished.

"Where are my new nylons?" she cried. "Those beautiful nylons some lovely fan bestowed upon me?"

"Don't you bother about them," Mrs. Caldwell was told. "There's the photographer who loaned them to you for the picture, putting them back on!" . . .

MRS. CALDWELL WAS not the only distinguished visitor in the Scribner offices last week. She had to compete with "Biggety," the hero of a new juvenile by Edith Pope. Biggety is a chameleon—and a mighty capricious one, too. He obligingly changed color—from green to brown—when he was turned loose on the desk of Scribner's children's book editor, Alice Dalgliesh, but went into a sulk when the heads of the firm failed to turn up for his performance. Max Perkins provided the last straw when he paused to discover the cause of the commotion and remarked, "I don't think it's a chameleon at all. It's just a lizard!" Biggety wiggled his tail angrily, and jumped out of a fourth-story window.

He was rescued by the busy juvenile department, two shipping clerks, the elevator boy, and A. A. Van Duym, and deposited on the desk of the all-knowing Whitney Darrow, who would walk a mile for a chameleon. "Won't change color, eh?" mused Whitney. "Bad advertisement for the book! Let us see whether it is male or female." At this point Biggety turned pink.

Dorothy Grider, who did the illustrations for "Biggety the Chameleon," swept him into a box with a cabbage leaf and carted him off to the Museum of Natural History. "Well!" said Mr. Darrow. "It's a lucky thing we don't publish 'Man Eaters of Kumaon'!" . . .

WHEN ISIDORE ABRAMOWITZ compiled his remarkable anthology of literature written in prison, "The Great Prisoners" (Dutton), he faced a dilemma regarding Adolf Hitler that summons echoes of the Pound imbroglio hashed and rehashed in these pages. Unhesitatingly, and wisely, Abramowitz included Hitler, knowing full well he would be called upon to defend his action.

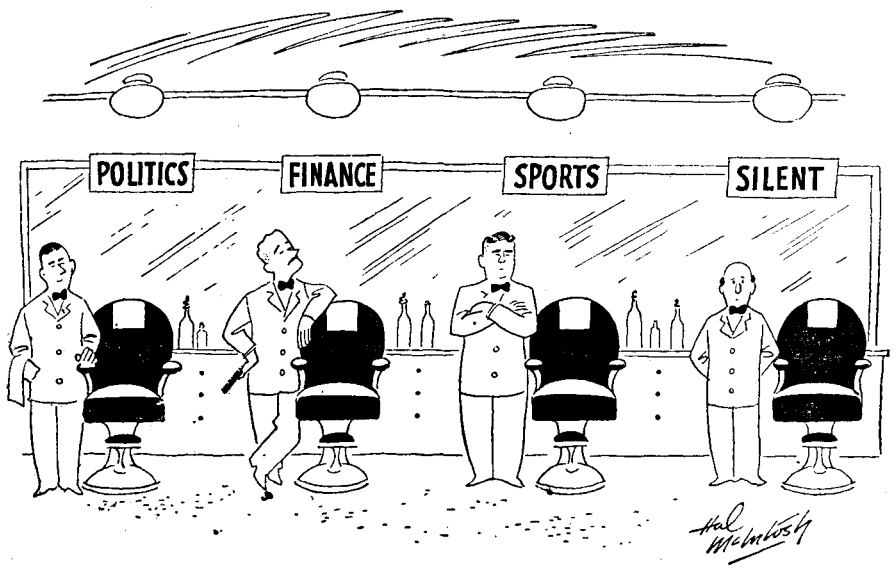
Professor A. A. Roback, of Harvard, promptly spoke up:

> There is somewhat of a jolt in finding Hitler mentioned among the great prisoners. He was certainly a prisoner and a creature of destiny, but to speak of him as a great man and in the same breath with Boethius seems almost like blasphemy. I should have put his production in an appendix so as not to contaminate the other men.

Mr. Abramowitz, also of Harvard, had his completely convincing answer ready:

> As for including Adolf Hitler in a volume with "great" in the book-title, you have reason to feel critical, though I trust none to make me feel guilty of "blasphemy." Perhaps it was indiscreet to depend on the charity of the reader, who, I supposed, would never credit me with admiration for Hitler whom I detest as much as anybody. To have excommunicated him from the society of good men into an appendix (an intriguing and imaginative idea) would, for me, only have raised the question of value-judgment *with regard to position* in the cases of many others in the book. Personally I don't share all the religion of St. Paul, Bunyan, Fox, and Gandhi; many are horrified by the politics of Raleigh, Charles I, Bakunin, Ferrer, Luxemburg, and Lenin; there are those who don't admire the morality of Villon, Verlaine, and Oscar Wilde; I have any number of Protestant *and* Catholic martyrs and a number of atheists—what, then, should go into an appendix to assuage the sensibility of all partisans? In case you want to argue that by any standards Hitler is an enemy of all mankind and an absolute pariah, I cannot disagree with you for a moment, but I should hate to inflate Hitler's satanic reputation by giving him a whole unsanctified graveyard—"banning him in Boston," so to speak. That he stands in the twentieth-century section is not my private fault but the century's, I believe. I am not a literary executioner. Let Hitler stand between Rosa Luxemburg and Ernst Toller:—in their moral sunshine Hitler's position is a hot spot. . . .

A FRIEND WHO ATTENDED this year's dinner of the Gridiron Club in Washington can talk of practically nothing else. The guests included the President, Governor Stassen, the late Chief Justice, eight ambassadors, General Eisenhower, Admiral King, officials of the United Nations, and innumerable other big shots, and although the irreverent proceedings are supposed to be strictly "off the record," reports of same have been circulating pretty freely. The highlight seems to have been a burlesque of the funeral oration over Caesar, with James C. Petrillo, Mahatma of the American Federation of Musicians, the goat. The oration concluded with a solemn "The evil that men do lives after them. The good is



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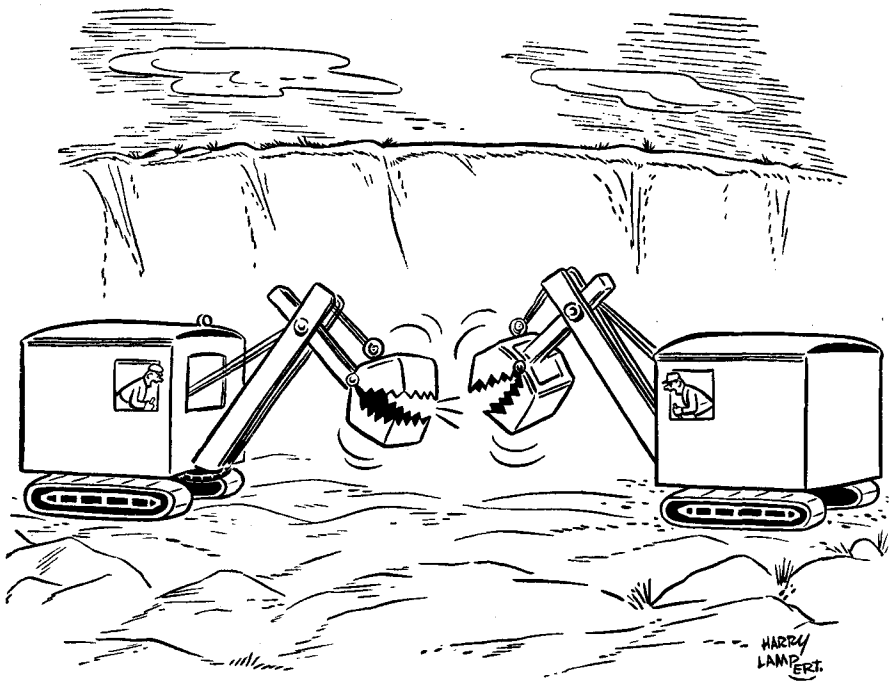

"Oh yeah?" "Yeah!"

oft interred with their trombones." Six trumpeters advanced to sound the funeral dirge when Petrillo, a corpse with a difference, exploded from his coffin, and declared the rites at a standstill until six additional stand-by trumpeters were put on the job. . . . When Mr. Petrillo's parents bestowed the middle name of "Caesar" on their son, they little knew what they were starting! . . .

HOTEL CONDITIONS in Washington being what they are, my friend climbed into his convertible when the Gridiron dinner was over, and spent the night in a leisurely drive home to New York. On an impulse, he chose the Staten Island route, enabling him to sail up the harbor on a ferry just as the sun was rising. The Statue of Liberty in the quiet of the dawn, the downtown skyscrapers shrouded in mist, and the empty streets of the financial district made him feel reverent and subdued—although it would have been just as satisfactory to me if he had waited until a little later in the morning to phone and tell me about it! . . . Joe Lesser, first lieutenant of the Knopf Fusiliers, had a reservation in a leading Washington hostelry recently, but when he and his wife drove up at midnight, there wasn't an empty bedroom in the building. The contrite manager finally set up two cots in the main banquet hall, and the Lessers slept peacefully in a room with six hundred chairs but no coat hangers. . . . Farther south—in Miami Beach, to be precise—Moss Hart concluded a happy vacation at the Lord Tarleton Hotel, and asked for his bill. He took one look at the total, paled, and murmured softly, "The Lord giveth and the Lord Tarleton taketh away." . . .

THE NORTH SHORE of Long Island was the scene of another gay party whose guest list was studded with the names of prominent authors, publishers, and journalists. This one was a masquerade, and an editor of *Cosmospolitan* conceived the notion of going as a motorcycle cop. He managed to finagle equipment and a cycle, and set out in style for the party. Unfortunately, he got lost on the way. The roads in that section are quite empty after dark at this time of year, but at long last a Rolls-Royce tooted by, and it was obvious from the dress of the occupants that they, too, were bound for the masquerade. The editor tagged behind.

Suddenly the driver of the Rolls became aware of the motorcycle in back of him, and he stepped sharply on the accelerator. The chase was hectic for a while, but the editor hung doggedly onto the trail, and finally the driver of the car slowed down and stopped. "Here at last," thought the editor happily, and pulled up at the side of the Rolls, just in time to have a fifty-dollar bill thrust into his hand by an expressionless chauffeur. He pocketed the bill, parked his motorcycle, and had a fine time at the party.

The next day the Mirror Phone Fund for War Veterans received an anonymous donation of fifty dollars.

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

AN ingenious friend of mine thought it would be nice to be able to look up from the dining room table where the weather was most frequently discussed, and tell exactly what the weather was doing. He had the usual barometers and then he took the commutator out of an old Ford and built it into the wall. It had a number of nubbins on it, spaced around a circle, and these he made the apex of pie-shaped pieces. Then he attached the thing to his weathervane directly above on the roof. It became a compass, and every time the wind changed, a nubbin would light up. Every slightest shift of wind could be seen from the table.

The book business perhaps more than any other is a weathervane of our national health. Its susceptibilities, its change of mood, its financial attitude, its whims, its fluctuations of interest are all recorded in sales figures, reactions to advertisements, promotion stunts, and mail order blanks.

For example, publishers always seem to have a definite opinion about what is called escape literature. This phenomenon results from a natural attempt of people to live outside of their own experience either through frustration, boredom, or fear, or through healthy exercise of the imagination. Those who seek to escape from boredom are people without imagination; but those who seek escape through fear, or frustration exhibit a good deal of imagination.

Before the war, it has been noted that people went to the movies to get in touch with reality as they thought of it. But during the war, they went to the movies to get away from reality. In both cases it was escape, and it was only the nature of the escape which changed. The same thing holds for the book industry. When people became satiated with the reality of war (mock as it was in this country) they turned to the antidote of romance, biography, memoir, and crime, all of which stressed the personal, individual touch. When peace begins to pall, if it ever again will, they will turn to war literature. But if fear of war and the implements of war continue to pervade the American scene as they do at present, the American book trade may expect that Walter's love for Maryam **(The Black Rose)** and the full length portrait of Dwight D. Eisenhower **(Soldier of Democracy)** will bring the people to the bookstores like birds, cormorants.

paul

DOUBLEDAY

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Seeing Things

TERMITES OF THE STACKS

OWEN WISTER long ago taught us there was a certain word which, if employed at all, must be said smilingly to natives of Virginia. I had thought, these many years, I knew what this word was. At least I had felt fairly confident it was not "Ph.D."

My certainty has now left me. It has been shattered by a good-natured letter from David Manning White of Williamsburg; a letter which was published in this magazine a few weeks back. As a gentleman from the Old Dominion, Mr. White was grieved because he had noted that, in a column of mine called "Disney and the Dane," I had used the term "Ph.D." as what he calls "a snarl-word . . . synonymous with the most finicky pedanticism." In doing this he thought I was guilty of unfairness to the whole tribe of scholars. He wanted me to smile, not snarl, when I said Ph.D.

I wish I could. I'd like to release a grin, broad-gauged and happy. It would be the agreeable thing to do. It usually is.

Yet with Ph.D's as my subject, I must confess I find it easier to unleash a snarl than to muster a smile —at least a polite smile. I have my reasons. Perhaps not good ones, still my own and to me valid. Hence I trust Mr. White will forgive me if I uncork them. I feel I owe him, and myself, an explanation.

The theatre was my subject in the article to which Mr. White took agreeable exception. I stress this because the audience mind and the Ph.D. mind (you see, I still insist there *is* such a type of mind) are seldom, if ever, one.

I was writing about "Hamlet" when seen and rediscovered in the company of a boy of nine. I was pointing out how compelling its story-telling proves on the stage to spectators, young or old. My only endeavor was to oppose the Shakespeare who speaks excitingly for himself in the theatre to the Shakespeare who is spoken for drearily in the average classroom or the usual thesis. It was this that led me to say—and here's the snarl—how fortunate it is in Shakespeare's case that "the Ph.D.'s move in only when the playgoers have moved out."

I had not forgotten, and certainly did not mean to minimize, the creative contribution made to Maurice Evans's production of the tragedy by such a master-sleuth as Professor J. Dover Wilson in his exciting book, "What Happens in 'Hamlet'." Nor would I for a moment think of denying that scores upon scores of other scholars have by their findings, as Mr. White indicates, added to the understanding of directors and actors, and hence to the enjoyment of playgoers.

I was not attacking scholars and teachers as such. Far from it. My own veneration for what they can be at their best is as genuine as is my despair when I am confronted with what at their worst they are. None of us can value them too highly when they are good, or hope too ardently that they will be good. One of this country's tragedies is that we do not value them enough. We trust them with our future, and tend to ignore their present. We overwork them hideously and underpay them grievously, yet we expect them to be breeders of contentment in a system with which they have every reason to be dissatisfied.

No. I was NOT attacking them. I was merely snarling at those among them who have never shed the blinders forced upon them when winning their doctor's degrees; in other words, I was snarling at those teachers and scholars who have never grown into what they might, and should, be.

Some of my best friends, may I quickly add, are Ph.D.'s. But they have not remained Ph.D.'s—and only that. Writing their theses and getting their degrees has to them been merely a phase in their academic careers; a phase which they have sometimes faced in spite of their own desires and not always happily. They have undergone the drudgery involved for two reasons. First, because it was a means of mastering their tools and acquiring the discipline their digging would yield. Then, and no less important, because they were realistic enough to see that their future advancement, hence their salaries, might depend upon their having such a degree.

But here's the point, at least so it seems to me, and my justification for snarling. The good teachers, the real scholars, get beyond this stage. They are not small-souled and mildewed. If they live in the past, they do so with a purpose and the present benefits by their choice. Their personalities are equipped with central heating.

At their disposal they have minds of their own no less than notes laboriously culled from the works of others. Of knowledge they make something valuable, if not exciting, and often both. What they are as men and what they know of life are vital contributors to their mastery of their subjects. They are not afraid of laughter or suspicious of what is interesting. In or out of their classrooms, and even in print, they can be the best of good companions. This is why their classrooms are full; their books, too.

Most decidedly, I did not have these creative scholars and teachers in mind when I snarled. I was, and am, thinking only of those pedagogues who in academic circles are the permanent Ph.D.'s. Though more closely resembling mummies in mufti than anything else, they are the Peter Pans of erudition. At least to this extent. They dwell not only in a Never-Never-Land of their own but they refuse to grow up. Unfortunately the fingers of many pairs of hands will not suffice to count them. Since they are the poor teachers, they naturally outnumber the good ones. Because real distinction is as rare within the groves as it is in any profession outside them.

I must further confess to Mr. White that I was thinking most particularly about the permanent Ph.D.'s who not only clutter up the field of literature but so misjudge the theatre and themselves that they dare to elect it as a hobby. Possessed of the minds,

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Eves. 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2:30

temperaments, and perceptions which they can claim, these researchers might not be miscast had they chosen a chemistry or physics laboratory as their habitat. I do not know. But I do know that I resent them when they presume to deaden by their touch that which was meant to provide pleasure, supply beauty, comment on life, and interpret what is most vital in man's dreams, hopes, agonies, passions, ecstasies, and delights. Then, they are palpably beyond their depths. Cold, poor, rigid fish they are; out of their element, and not even goldfish on the carpet.

For these eternal Ph.D.'s manage to remain as dry as the theses they turned out in their younger days under compulsion. To please their department heads and promote themselves, they continue to produce unreadable books or articles on subjects which were either unimportant to begin with or which, by merely touching them themselves, they have contrived to render unimportant.

To the end of their days, the drones of whom I was thinking persist in mistaking the housework which must be done before the feast is served for the feast itself. They appear to be convinced that if they have dusted, then they have eaten and drunk. What they offer in the place of food and drink is their own soiled dusters.

They have become wedded to the stacks, these dreary ones, attacking the books they use there as termites rather than as tasters. Although they live, they are not alive. They are juiceless and joyless; useless but active. Although in every sense of the word they bore, they fail to illumine.

They are small people unaware of the dimensions of the books with which they deal. If it is fair to judge either from what I have heard them say in their classrooms or what they publish, they are evidently determined to whittle down masterpieces to their own midget dimensions. They write about writers without apparently having sought to learn anything about writing, and about literary influences without, alas, having been susceptible to any literary influences themselves.

They can annotate but not appreciate; quote but not interpret; catalogue but not enjoy; observe but not participate; and burrow without coming up with anything worthy of the search. They have a genius for digging diligently and keeping their shovels empty. Sometimes I suspect this is their single talent.

The truth is that they are the barnacles of beauty and pleasure, of literature and the drama. Like barnacles they attach themselves not only to the bottom of the crafts to which

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they cling but ride forever submerged on the outside of the hull. Their final sin is that they deaden what they touch, managing to make what should be interesting as dull as they are themselves.

This is why, Mr. White, I snarled instead of smiled when I thought of this special but populous class. This is why, with this special class in mind, I'm afraid I now growl when I say "Ph.D." I trust you will understand and forgive me. I can't help believing that knowledge is, and should be, a living thing.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

Mrs. Caldwell's Latest Annual

THIS SIDE OF INNOCENCE. By Taylor Caldwell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1946. 409 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

TAYLOR CALDWELL'S long, turbulent narratives—one appears every year with the regularity of the almanac or year-book—are very much alike. From "Dynasty of Death" (1938) down to this new novel the ingredients vary only slightly; a family or two of wealth and power, most of their members despising one another and engaging in callous and unscrupulous business enterprise; intra-family love duels; intimate details of high finance and industrial backgrounds; meticulous attention to *Godey's Lady's Book* and other sources of information for details of costumes and interior decoration in the Gilded Age. The prolific Buffalo novelist puzzles the discriminating reader of fiction: the books are too long and cry out for the blue pencil, particularly the obvious comments on situations that speak for themselves; the dialogue is often stilted and prolix, but perhaps no more unrealistic than Hemingway's, which is stilted and too bare; and in spite of outbursts of melodrama and frequent nebulous characterization, she nearly always avoids sentimentality and downright banality. These energetic, surging stories proceed with a poise and stateliness which, many believe, the author could elevate into a sort of grandeur if she cared to do so. The novels sometimes have a power and magnitude out of all proportion to their content.

—*Loja Gorska*

Taylor Caldwell's dialogue "is often stilted and prolix, but perhaps no more unrealistic than Hemingway's."

"This Side of Innocence" has a twofold story: first, of six members of a small family group who interact upon one another in the violent manner Mrs. Caldwell's readers have come to expect; and secondly, of an American community in the throes of transition from an agrarian to an industrial economy in the 1870's and '80's. These two stories touch only incidentally and at the whim of the novelist. For the first hundred pages or so one suspects that this early period was selected in order that the beautiful Amalie of the purple eyes (these purple eyes finally strike the reader as a monstrosity) may be upholstered in the voluminous costumes of the time; but the author evidently has many questions to raise about the factory age, capital and labor, social reform—in fact she seems to propose a thin sort of Bellamyism to salve the sores of an acquisitive and mechanical civilization. These social themes are not too obtrusive—there is no great stress on social message or reform; one objects to them only insofar as they seem superimposed on the narrative and have so little to do with the march of the story itself. The chief interest lies in the characterization, and here Mrs. Caldwell is more successful than in her previous novels. There is more subtlety and shading, there is less unmitigated hatred and malevolence, less wanton destruction by the little foxes.

Faithful readers of Taylor Caldwell—and they are legion—will be grateful that she has only a modest cast of characters, and not the bewildering regiments of Bouchards who march through the pages of the horrifying trilogy of the munitions family. This novel gains in intensity by the simplification and also from the skilful, Ibsenish manner in which the characters work out their destinies without resort to outside aid or deus ex machina.

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Girls Will Be Boys

NOT YET THE MOON. By Eve Langley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company, Inc. 1946. 377 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by PALMER BOVIE

MISS LANGLEY'S Odyssey takes the reader on an adolescent jaunt across the southeast coast and bushland of Australia. The heroine and her sister, girls eighteen and nineteen years old in search of romance mixed with a minimum of work, scour the neglected wilds of their native land at harvest times. The girls assume male names, clothes, and swagger, to invade nomadic precincts of apple-packers, pea-pickers, hops-pickers, and maize-pickers. Facing the provincial suspicion of feminine adventurers' motives, they assert a cheerful independence, and gain acceptance from the most hard-bitten and flighty of their fellow-workers and employers. The lists of Italian, Indian, African, French, Australian, and English migrants they meet lend color and brightness to the tale. The amusing, and sometimes desperate, existence of the girls elicits humorous sympathy and indulgent interest by turns.

As a naturalistic, simple story of adventure, "Not Yet The Moon" is invested with potentialities, some of which are realized with humor, clarity, and pathos by the author. Yet on the whole, there is little grasp of the adolescent emotional climate evoked by the situation.

One of the heroines adopts from a ballad of the bushrangers the pseudonym of Steve Hart. And it is as Steve that she tells the story, weaving a pattern of frustrated youthful idealism. Her sister takes the name of Blue, in a vague, wistful bit of characterization, reflecting an unearthly beautiful shadow for which Steve provides the melancholy substance. Blue piques the imagination by never emerging as a character. Heroine Steve is however flamboyantly vital, brandishing romantic dreams on every side, tormented by wildly chaste adolescent love. Her quotation-drenched conversations often add a brittle rhetorical humor to the odd encounters in the bush. But with her lover Macca the torrents of passion and energy which she translates into rapt allusions and references from Virgil, Keats, and Rupert Brooke have a chilling effect. "Steve," he tells her, "I have never heard anyone talk like that before."

The author has a genuine power of description. But this power is not sustained to a degree of real coherence and force. Prolix short dialogue and an uncoördinated multiplication of characters and events damage the story instead of enriching it. Certain motifs, for instance, such as Steve's desire for masculinity, and the association of her desire for freedom with the flashing image of a galloping horse, the struggle against her own frustration, recur and charge the narrative with interest. But the elements remain elements, rather extravagantly expended, without regard for their unity, nor for their indelible effect on character. It is only fair to conclude that Miss Langley promises to be a competent writer, although "Not Yet The Moon" is not a good novel.

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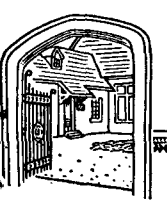

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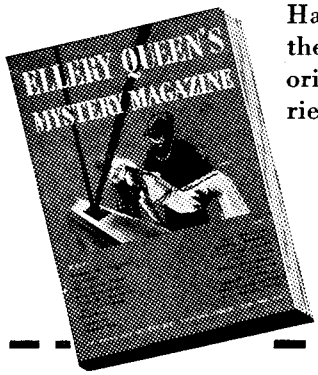

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		REMARKS
	Balance *Realism*	*Surface*	
PROKOFIEFF, PIANO SONATA #7 (1942) Vladimir Horowitz. Victor M 1042 (2) $2.75	About the most satisfactory piano recording to date. Good compromise between tinny and muffled types of piano reproduction.	A to A—	Two facets of this pianistic genius, both at his best. Prokofieff a Horowitz specialty—not too modern to offend romantic ears; powerful Horowitz rhythm. Chopin overwhelming tour de force, but perhaps too nervous, too brilliant. Together these albums strike an interesting musical balance.
CHOPIN PIANO MUSIC (Andte Spianato & Gnd Polonaise Eb; Waltz Brillante A mi; Polonaise Ab) Horowitz. Victor M 1034 (3) $3.75		B+	
SCHUBERT, UNFINISHED SYMPHONY Boston Symphony, Koussevitsky. Victor M 1039 (3) $3.75	Considerable reverberation. Solos could be closer at hand.	A—	Replaces old BSO version, brings the Unfinished technically up to date. Less weighty than Beecham's (C M 330).
BIZET, CARMEN EXCERPTS Stevens, Conner, Jobin, Weede; Met. Opera Orch. Sebastian. Columbia M 607 (5) $5.75	Singers favored over orch. Good balance / Dead studio recording Orch. tone is dull.	A	Extensive Carmen excerpts served up for various tastes (as Wagner has been revamped in the past for recording purposes). The new recording is for singing fans—orchestra is weak musically and technically. Stokowski is instrumental synthesis, in usual lush manner, music extensively rearranged. Beecham is more precise, half as long, also instrumental only.
Other selections: MUSIC FROM CARMEN. N. Y. City Symph. Stokowski. Victor M 1002 (4) $4.75	A brilliant recording, but considerable echo.	A—	
CARMEN SUITE London Philharmonic, Beecham. Columbia X 144 (2) $2.75	Less brilliant, less echo.	A—	

PROKOFIEFF

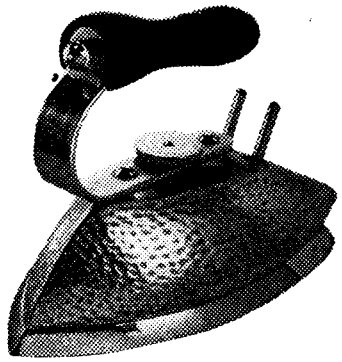
THE recording of the Seventh Piano Sonata of Prokofieff reviewed above is remarkable for its appeal to many groups of listeners on many grounds. The piano sonata is traditionally difficult, and it is seldom that recent works in that form have appealed to any sort of wide audience. The Copland piano sonata, for example, is a far cry from his more easily digestible orchestral works, though it probably is of more lasting value. Leonard Bernstein writes sonata music that is obviously for a more restricted audience than his amusing "On the Town"; the same is generally true of most leading composers today. But Prokofieff as usual manages not to hew to the line. The Seventh Sonata will be called a compromise by some—all of Prokofieff is, in the sense that there is always some "concession" (but is it?) to popular appeal.

And so musically this sonata leaves the door open to those who have enjoyed "Peter and the Wolf," "Lieutenant Kije," and the "Classical Symphony" as well as to musicians of more stringent tastes.

The sonata is recommended as an excellent stepping stone from the popular orchestral works into the authentic higher regions of contemporary music. If the going is hard at first, listen to the second movement with its Rachmaninoff-like theme, or to the march (*cf.* "Peter!") in the first movement.

In addition, the sonata as here recorded boasts Mr. Horowitz, who has specialized in this type of new music, on the side, just as Jascha Heifetz has introduced many excellent modern violin works into his Romantic repertory. The Horowitz performance will appeal to all musicians for its fantastic technique and impeccable rhythm, and to the rest of us for a certain romantic fervor, which makes this specialized music easier to collate with the more familiar Prokofieff.

Finally, pianists should own it as an outstanding example of contemporary pianism and piano composition; collectors of piano recording will want it for similar reasons and because it is one of the most satisfactory examples of recorded piano tone. EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.



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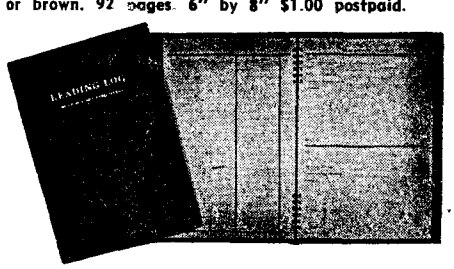

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HIROSHIMA: EYE-WITNESS

(*Continued from page 25*)

it was a quarter after eight, exactly the time when we had heard the explosion in Nagatuska—when came the intense light and immediately thereafter the sound of breaking windows, walls, and furniture. They were showered with glass splinters and fragments of wreckage. Father Schiffer was buried beneath a portion of a wall and suffered a severe head injury. The Father Superior received most of the splinters in his back and lower extremities, from which he bled copiously. Everything was thrown about in the rooms themselves, but the wooden framework of the house remained intact. The solidity of the structure, the work of Brother Gropper, again shone forth.

They had the same impression that we had in Nagatsuke: that the bomb had burst in their immediate vicinity. The church, school, and all buildings in the immediate vicinity collapsed at once. Beneath the ruins of the school, the children cried for help. They were freed with great effort. Several others were also rescued from the ruins of nearby dwellings. The Father Superior and Father Schiffer, despite their wounds, rendered aid to others and lost a great deal of blood in the process.

In the meantime, fires which had begun some distance away are raging even closer, so that it becomes obvious that everything will soon burn down. Several objects are rescued from the parish house and buried in a clearing in front of the church, but certain valuables and necessities which had been kept ready in case of fire could not be found on account of the confusion which had been wrought. It is high time to flee, since the oncoming flames leave almost no way open. Fukai, the secretary of the mission, is completely out of his mind. He does not want to leave the house and explains that he does not want to survive the destruction of his fatherland. He is completely uninjured. Father Kleninsorge drags him out of the house on his back and he is forcefully carried away.

Beneath the wreckage of the houses along the way many have been trapped, and they scream to be rescued from the oncoming flames. They must be left to their fate. The way to the place in the city to which one desires to flee is no longer open and one must make for Asano Park. Fukai does not want to go further and remains behind. He has not been heard from since. In the park, we take refuge on the bank of the river. A very violent whirlwind now begins to uproot large trees, and lifts them high into the air. As it reaches the water, a water spout forms which is approximately one hundred meters high. The violence of the storm luckily passes us by. Some distance away, however, where numerous refugees have taken shelter, many are blown into the river.

The transportation of our wounded is difficult. It is not possible to dress their wounds properly in the darkness, and they bleed again upon slight motion. As we carry them on the shaky litters in the dark over the fallen trees of the park, they suffer unbearable pain as the result of the movement, and lose dangerously large quantities of blood. Our rescuing angel in this difficult situation is a Japanese Protestant pastor. He has brought up a boat and offers to take our wounded up stream to a place where progress is easier. First, we lower the litter containing Father Schiffer into the boat and two of us accompany him. We plan to bring the boat back for the Father Superior. The boat returns about one-half hour later and the pastor requests that several of us help in the rescue of two children whom he had seen in the river. We rescue them. They have severe burns. Soon they suffer chills and die in the park.

THE Father Superior is conveyed in the boat in the same manner as Father Schiffer. The theology student and myself accompany him. Father Cieslik considers himself strong enough to make his way on foot to Nagatsuke with the rest of us, but Father Kleninsorge cannot walk so far and we leave him behind and promise to come for him and the housekeeper tomorrow. From the other side of the stream comes the whinny of horses who are threatened by the fire. We land on a sand spit which juts out from the shore. It is full of wounded who have taken refuge there. They scream for aid for they are afraid of drowning as the river may rise with the sea, and cover the sand spit. They themselves are too weak to move. However, we must press on and finally we reach the spot where the group containing Father Schiffer is waiting.

Here a rescue party had brought a large case of fresh rice cakes, but there is no one to distribute them to the numerous wounded that lie all about. We distribute them to those

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that are nearby and also help ourselves. The wounded call for water and we come to the aid of a few. Cries for help are heard from a distance, but we cannot approach the ruins from which they come. A group of soldiers comes along the road and their officer notices that we speak a strange language. He at once draws his sword, screamingly demands who we are and threatens to cut us down. Father Laures, Jr., seizes his arm and explains that we are German. We finally quiet him down. He thought that we might be Americans who had parachuted down.

Midnight has come. Since there are not enough of us to man both litters with four strong bearers, we determine to remove Father Schiffer first to the outskirts of the city. From there, another group of bearers is to take over to Nagatsuka; the others are to turn back in order to rescue the Father Superior. I am one of the bearers. The theology student goes in front to warn us of the numerous wires, beams, and fragments of ruins which block the way and which are impossible to see in the dark. Despite all precautions, our progress is stumbling and our feet get tangled in the wire. Father Kruer falls and carries the litter with him. Father Schiffer becomes half-conscious from the fall and vomits.

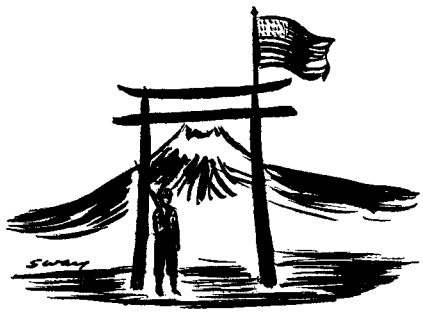
On the Misasa Bridge, we meet Father Tappe and Father Luhmer, who have come to meet us from Nagatsuka. They had dug a family out of the ruins of their collapsed house some fifty meters off the road. The father of the family was already dead. They had dragged out two girls and placed them by the side of the road. Their mother was still trapped under some beams. They had planned to complete the rescue and then to press on to meet us. At the outskirts of the city, we put down the litter and leave two men to wait until those who are to come from Nagatsuka appear. The rest of us turn back to fetch the Father Superior.

Most of the ruins have now burned down. The darkness kindly hides the many forms that lie on the ground. Only occasionally in our quick progress do we hear calls for help. One of us remarks that the remarkable burned smell reminds him of incinerated corpses.

TRANSPORTATION on the litter, which has been constructed out of boards, must be very painful to the Father Superior, whose entire back is full of fragments of glass. In a narrow passage at the edge of town, a car forces us to the edge of the road. The litter bearers on the left side fall into a two meter deep ditch which they could not see in the dark. Father Superior hides his pain with a dry joke, but the litter which is now no longer in one piece cannot be carried further. We decide to wait until Kinjo can bring a hand cart from Nagatsuka. He soon comes back with one that he has requisitioned from a collapsed house. We place Father Superior on the car and wheel him the rest of the way, avoiding as much as possible the deeper pits in the road.

About half past four in the morning, we finally arrive at the Novitiate. Our rescue expedition had taken almost twelve hours. Normally, one could go back and forth to the city in two hours. Our two wounded were now, for the first time, properly dressed. I get two hours' sleep on the floor; someone else has taken my own bed. Then I read a mass *in gratiarum actionem.* It is August 7, the anniversary of the foundation of our society. Then we bestir ourselves to bring Father Kleinsorge and others out of the city.

We take off again with the hand



cart. The bright day now reveals the frightful picture which last night's darkness had partly concealed. Where the city stood, everything, as far as the eye can reach, is a waste of ashes and ruin. Only several skeletons of buildings remain. The banks of the river are covered with dead and wounded, and the rising waters have here and there covered some of the corpses. On the broad street in the Hakushima district, naked burned cadavers are particularly numerous.

We must proceed to our goal in the park and are forced to leave the wounded to their fate. We make our way to the place where our church stood to dig up the few belongings that we had buried yesterday. We find them intact. Everything else has been completely burned. In the ruins, we find a few molten remnants of the holy vessels. At the park, we load the housekeeper and a mother with her two children on the cart. Father Kleinsorge feels strong enough, with the aid of Brother Nobuhara, to make his way home on foot. The way back takes us once again past the dead and wounded in Hakushima. Again no rescue parties are in evidence. At the Misasa Bridge, there still lies the fam-

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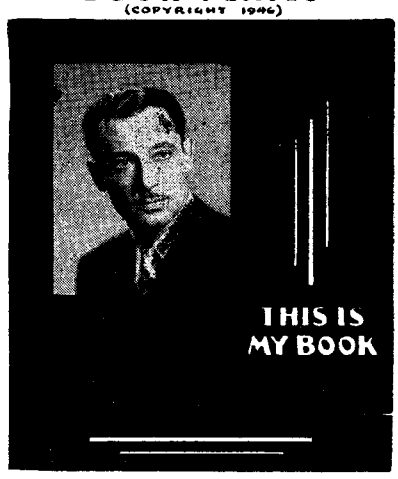

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ily which Fathers Tappe and Numhmer had yesterday rescued from the ruins. A piece of tin had been placed over them to shield them from the sun. We cannot take them along, for our cart is full. We give them and those nearby water to drink and decide to rescue them later. At three o'clock in the afternoon we are back in Nagatsuka.

Three of the severely burned in our house died within the next few days. Suddenly pulse and respiration ceased. It is certainly a sign of our good care that so few died. In the official aid stations and hospitals, a good third or half of those that had been brought in died. They lay about almost without care. Everything was lacking: doctors, assistants, dressings, drugs. In an aid station at a school at a nearby village, a group of soldiers for several days did nothing except to bring in and cremate the dead behind the school.

During the next few days, funeral processions passed our house from morning to night, bringing the deceased to a small valley nearby. There, in six places, the dead were burned. People brought their own wood and themselves did the cremation. Father Luhmer and Father Laures found a dead man in a nearby house who had already become bloated and who emitted a frightful odor. They brought him to this valley and incinerated him themselves. Even late at night, the little valley was lit up by the many funeral pyres.

The magnitude of the disaster that befell Hiroshima was only slowly pieced together in my mind. I lived through the catastrophe and saw it only in flashes, which only gradually were merged to give me a total picture. What actually happened simultaneously in the city as a whole is as follows: As a result of the explosion of the bomb at 8:15, almost the entire city was destroyed at a single blow. Only small outlying districts in the southern and eastern parts escaped complete destruction. The bomb exploded over the center of the city. As a result of the blast, the small Japanese houses in a diameter of five kilometers, or ninety-nine per cent of the city, collapsed or were blown up. Those who were in the houses were buried in the ruins. Those who were in the open sustained burns resulting from contact with the substance or rays emitted by the bomb. Where the substance struck in quantity, fires sprang up. These spread rapidly.

The heat which rose from the center created a whirlwind which was effective in spreading fire throughout the whole city. Those who had been caught beneath the ruins and who could not be freed rapidly, and those who had been caught by the flames, became casualties. As much as six kilometers from the center of the explosion, all houses were damaged and many collapsed and caught fire.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DIG ANOTHER GRAVE *Don Cameron* (Mystery House: $2)	Wicked Manhattan man-about-town bashed with tire-iron in apt. of crime reporter Martin King who leads cops to killer.	High-tension mixture of tough-stuff, romance and adequate sleuthing—altho' outcome is far from unguessable.	Entertaining
BENEFIT PERFORMANCE *Richard Sale* (Simon and Schuster: $2)	Movie-star's stand-in is shot outside Hollywood theatre. Star accepts killing as own and, with child actress' help, snares double slayer.	Speedy, colorful and capitally constructed yarn of cinemaniacs and their activities plus new wrinkles in forgery.	Colossal: or worth reading!
THE QUEEN CITY MURDER CASE *William G. Bogart* (Mystery House: $2)	Death of statuesque brunette in Cincinnati apt. gives New York sleuth Saxon and his faithful friend some trying moments.	Blackmail, vengeance of escaped lifer and various odorous family skeletons all play part in rather slap-dash yarn.	Time-killer
PILGRIM'S REST *Patricia Wentworth* (Lippincott: $2)	Murders yesterday, today, and tomorrow in English county family all elucidated by customarily placid Miss Silver.	Although some of her deductions seem slightly omniscient Miss Silver is in fine fettle—and knitting happily—all through extra-suspenseful tale.	Well-knit

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Even fifteen kilometers away, windows were broken. A few persons maintained that they saw a parachute which had carried something that exploded at a height of one thousand meters. The newspapers called the bomb an "atomic bomb" and noted that the force of the blast had resulted from the explosion of uranium atoms, and that gamma rays had been sent out as a result of this, but no one knew anything for certain concerning the nature of the bomb.

How many people were a sacrifice to this bomb? Those who had lived through the catastrophe placed the number of the dead at at least 100,000. Hiroshima had a population of 400,000. Official statistics place the number who had died at 70,000 up to September 1, not counting the missing, and 130,000 wounded, among them 43,500 severely wounded. Estimates made by ourselves on the basis of groups known to us show that the estimate of 100,000 dead is not too high. Near us there are two barracks, in each of which forty Korean workers lived. On the day of the explosion, they were laboring on the streets of Hiroshima. Four returned alive to one barracks and sixteen to the other. Six hundred students of the Protestant girls' school worked in a factory, from which only thirty to forty returned. Most of the peasant families in the neighborhood lost one or more of their members who had worked at factories in the city. There died the mayor, the president of the Central Japan District, the commander of the city, a Korean prince who had been stationed in Hiroshima in the capacity of an officer, and many other high-ranking officers. Of the professors of the university, thirty-two were killed or severely injured. Especially hard hit were the soldiers. The pioneer regiment was almost entirely wiped out. The barracks were near the center of the explosion.

THOUSANDS of wounded who died later could doubtless have been rescued had they received proper treatment and care, but rescue work in a catastrophe of this magnitude had not been envisioned; since the whole city had been knocked out at a blow, everything which had been prepared for emergency work was lost, and no preparation had been made for rescue work in the outlying districts. Many of the wounded also died because they had been weakened by undernourishment and consequently lacked in strength to recover. Those who had their normal strength and who received good care slowly recovered from the burns which had been occasioned by the bomb. There were also cases, however, whose prognosis seemed good who died suddenly. There were also some who had only small external wounds who died within a week or later, after inflammation of the pharynx and oral cavity had taken place. We thought at first that this was the result of inhalation of the substance of the bomb. Later, a commission established the thesis that gamma rays had been given out at the time of the explosion, following which the internal organs had been injured in a manner resembling that following Roentgen irradiation.

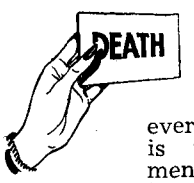
Cases are known to me personally where individuals who did not have external burns later died. Father Kleinsorge and Father Cieslik, who were near the center of the explosion, but who did not suffer burns, became quite weak some fourteen days after the explosion. Up to this time small incised wounds had healed normally, but thereafter the wounds which were still unhealed became worse and are to date (in September) still incompletely healed. The attending physician diagnosed leucopania. There thus seems to be some truth in the statement that the radiation had some effect on the blood. I am of the opinion, however, that their generally undernourished and weakened condition was partly responsible for these findings. It was noised about that the ruins of the city emitted deadly rays and that workers who went there to aid in the clearing died, and that the central district would be uninhabitable for some time to come. I have my doubts as to whether such talk is true, and myself and others who worked in the ruined area for some hours shortly after the explosion suffered no ill effects.

None of us in those days heard a single outburst against the Americans on the part of the Japanese, nor was there any evidence of a vengeful spirit. The Japanese suffered this terrible blow as part of the fortunes of war. During this war, I have noted relatively little hatred toward the

Clues from the CRIME CLUB

HOW is a detective born? Most books have them, full grown like Venus springing out of the sea. Occasionally a whodunit hero is forced, by circumstance, into solving a crime which fate has laid at his doorstep. Others drift into it from the odd chance that their specialty in ceramics, psychology, or law calls them in on a case. But most are detectives by profession or habit when the reader first meets them.

John Davies, in **TIME TO CHANGE HATS,** is one of those rare people who say, "I want to be a detective. I'll write my friends and see if any of them have a crime they'll let me start in with." Just like that! It's refreshing. Especially when, according to MARGOT BENNETT, the author, he's given the brush-off by everyone but *Della* who is vague and merely mentions that someone has been leaving calling cards marked "Death."



The delightful touch of the would-be detective, inviting himself in on what eventually turns out to be a case, realizing his shortcomings, and floundering along at a loss most of the time, keeps this book in a class by itself. Of course it is greatly assisted by the odd collection of characters involved, but MISS BENNETT has kept her characters on the humorous and human side instead of following the old pattern of sinister and savage creatures (except for the savage hornets and vicious cow who figure so vitally as clues and an alibi).

John Davies' first case is good reading. We hope that his reputation in this one will spread among his friends sufficiently for him to be invited in on others. It is a pleasing change from the hard-boiled guy, the scholarly gentleman, the man of the little gray cells, or the homespun philosopher.

The Gunman

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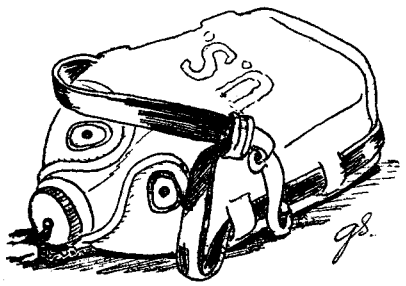

Allies on the part of the people themselves, although the press has taken occasion to stir up feelings. After the victories at the beginning of the war, the enemy was rather looked down upon, but when Allied offensive gathered momentum and especially after the advent of the majestic B-29's, the technical skill of America became an object of wonder and admiration.

The following anecdote indicates the spirit of the Japanese: A few days after the atomic bombing, the secretary of the University came to us asserting that the Japanese were ready to destroy San Francisco by means of an equally effective bomb. It is dubious that he himself believed what he told us. He merely wanted to impress upon us foreigners that the Japanese were capable of similar discoveries. In his nationalistic pride, he talked himself into believing this. The Japanese also intimated that the principle of the new bomb was a Japanese discovery. It was only lack of raw materials, they said, which prevented its construction. In the meantime, the Germans were said to have carried the discovery to a further stage and were about to initiate such bombing. The Americans were reputed to have learned the secret from the Germans, and they had then brought the bomb to a stage of industrial completion.

We have discussed among ourselves the ethics of the use of the bomb. Some consider it in the same category as poison gas and were against its use on a civil population. Others were of the view that in total war, as carried on in Japan, there was no difference between civilians and soldiers, and that the bomb itself was an effective force tending to end the bloodshed, warning Japan to surrender and thus to avoid total destruction. It seems logical to me that he who supports total war in principle cannot complain of war against civilians. The crux of the matter is whether total war in its present form is justifiable, even when it serves a just purpose. Does it not have material and spiritual evil as its consequences which far exceed whatever the good that might result? When will our moralists give us a clear answer to this question?

JOHN A. SIEMES, S. J.

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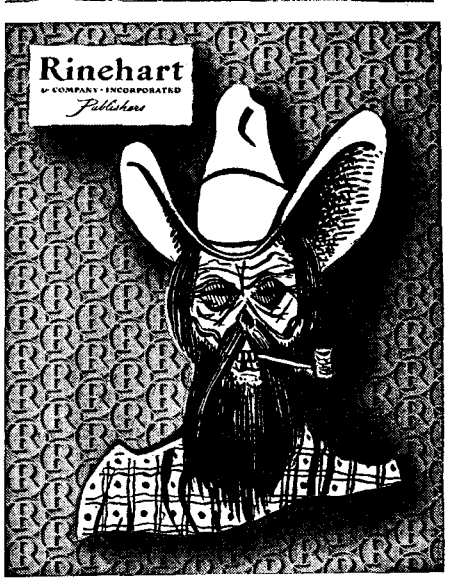

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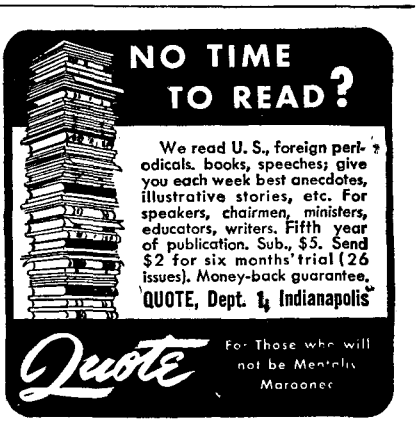
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THE MONKEY AND THE SUN

(*Continued from page 7*)

manipulation, the false and fabulous enmities of politics that mostly have no more basis in them than totem wars or the savageries of swine. The monkey in us has groped upward. He has earned the sun. Now he must secure his achievement through social means.

Democracy can supply the means. It was never a mere device for smoothing mass production. It does not become a side issue when mass production no longer has to be smoothed. If we are in quest of Mr. Jordan's ultimate good life—"that sense of the eternal, absolute, and unique reality of the individual spirit"—we have to keep before us the reasons for not organizing life around either of those two cannibalistic conceptions, commerce or Communism. Each of these, in the hands of oligarchy, devouring the unprotected, the unique reality of the individual. All oligarchies pervert this unique reality.

America knew it, at the beginning. Alexander Hamilton did not close his eyes to the "love of power" behind commerce. He never forgot that "men are ambitious, vindictive, and rapacious"—forever, that is to say, eager to form an oligarchy. And they do it, whether in commerce or in Communism, by holding the purse. "A power over a man's support," said Hamilton once, "is a power over a man's will." That is why the men who love power will inevitably seek to hog atomic energy. By hogging it they can control their kind. If it is freed, the chance of controlling society economically is gone. Men do not kill one another for water so long as the reservoirs are full and the pipes in order.

The state is not, as Mr. Jordan's manifesto puts forward, necessarily an enemy of the individual. Consider this discovery of atomic energy. A statesman who was no business man took an initiative in it that no business enterprise ever took. He spent two billion dollars that no board of directors would ever have sanctioned. He concerted international scientists on a project that only a common conviction could justify. Here the state was an agency for a potential common good.

The point to grasp, surely, is that the state can be an instrument of freedom. But it must be a state in which no oligarchy has the whip hand.

"Society" is not the state. It is another name for the interplay of the herd and the individual. If many an individual is hamstrung in an America that becomes a "pervasive and jealous environment of commerce," or in a Russia that is a pervasive and jealous environment of Communism, the real object of criticism must be the ambitious, vindictive, and rapacious men that Alexander Hamilton saw all about him. What then? The society of which every free writer should be a servant, the one for which he desires to see atomic energy harnessed for mass consumption, has to be referred through thick and thin to a norm outside the state and outside oligarchy, such as reverence for the individual human life, with enough honest regard for the individual to feed him, make a man of him, win his consent, and produce obedience without using the threat of death, or without forcing thwarted individuals to skulk, spy, and threaten revolution. Mr. Jordan upholds this norm, but he entangles it with a system for privilege. The atomic age won't be safe until we limit privilege, oligarchy, and sovereignty. We are no better today than Oswald in "Ghosts," crying, "give me the sun!" The world is full of oligarchs, big and little, unfit to be entrusted with the magic key until they adopt a common principle by which to devise law that can contain, rule, and harmonize them. We are doomed if enlightened individuals cannot harness by law the Big Three Oligarchs.

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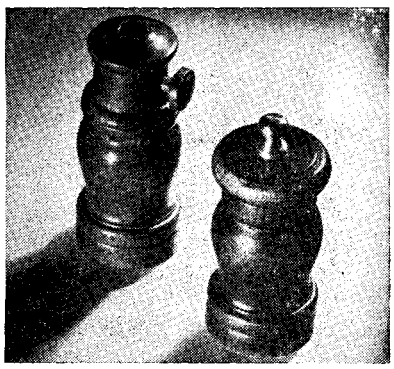

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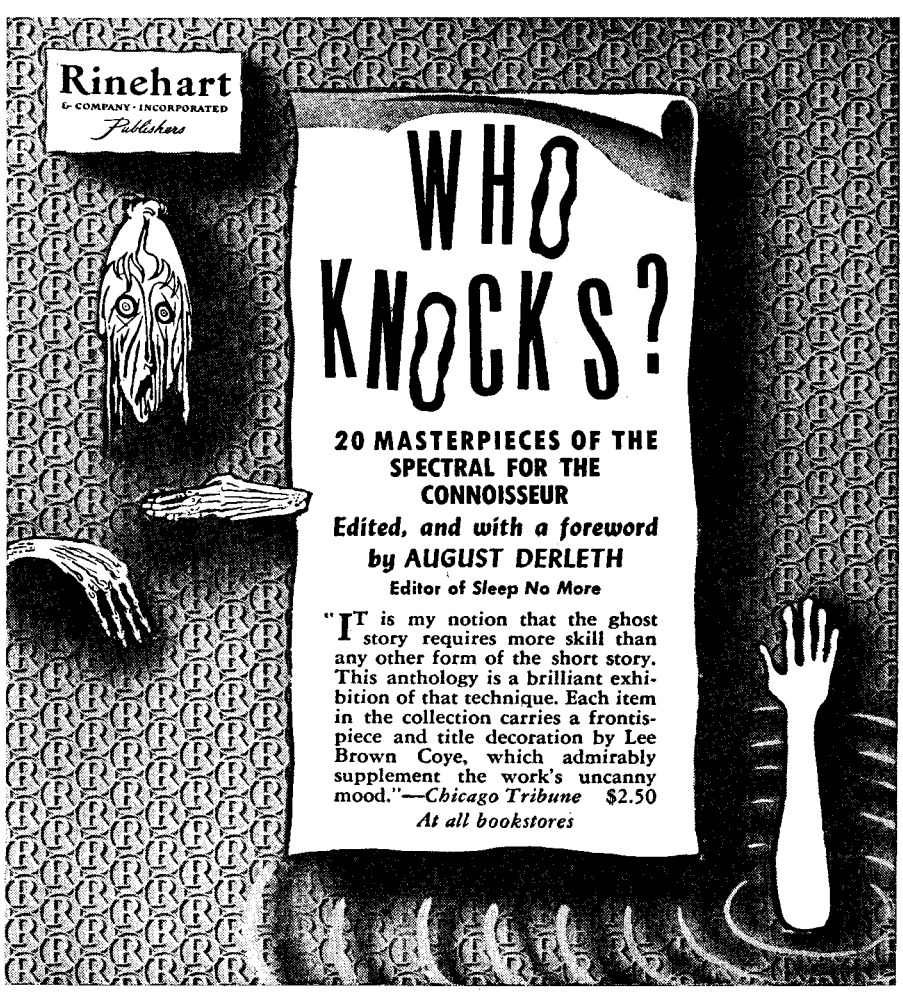
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the Phoenix Nest

THE DEATH OF GUERNICA

By Walter Sorell

APRIL twenty-eight in 1937,
forgotten day, lost in symbols of lies,
bearer of unknown fears,
prophet of unshed tears,
sickener of the mind, forger of future ties,
forgotten day, drowned in blood,
soiling Man's Heaven.

Tied with both hands to the illusion of
a dying past you hoped that none of your dreams
would ever soar to heights where they must burst,
sky-rocketing bubbles.
The likeness of your bleeding ego cut
into the pieces of the broken mirror time:
Imprisoned in the narrowness of thoughts,
blindfolded by irresolution, cowardly
clinging to rusty rays of hope, dreading
to find your image in the troubled waters!
Bedevilled by your discovery
that your body had finally fallen apart,
bewildered that your left was left fighting alone
and your right in the overwhelming wrong,
you knocked with both fists on the doors
of Bedlam which flung open for you.

April twenty-eight in 1937,
O garden of Gethsemane in fullest bloom!
Sweat as it were drops of blood
fell to the ground which was mud.
Fatal sight: Man embracing his day of doom.
Night befell the earth. The hour struck eleven.

There was no night darker than this day . . .
Whoever before had known your name? Guernica.
Insignificant spot on the map—
sleepdrunken village, crossroad of history
where hate-hardened men staged the rehearsal of death
and wrote with their reddest red: Opening Night

April 28, 1937
in Guernica . . .

Cries, cut to pieces by the propellers' noise,
strayed through the air . . . limbs, seeking to catch
their creator's eyes, enveloped by the warmth
of hungry flames, turned into ashes . . .
lifeless
hands with fingers clutched around
broken swords . . . dead eyes of children,
retaining the imprint of flying machine-guns
for eternity, stared into the ghastliness
of those minutes which the world tried to shake
from its shoulders and memories like a bad dream . . .

April twenty-eight in 1937,
forgotten day, lost in symbols of lies,

bearer of unknown fears,
prophet of unshed tears,
sickener of the mind, forger of future ties,
forgotten day, drowned in blood,
soiling Man's Heaven.

* * *

From an Emeritus of the Deanship of Drake University, namely Professor Lewis Worthington Smith, comes the following [It may be said that Drake University is in Des Moines, Iowa, while Duke University is at Durham, N. C. I apologize for my mistake.]:

> Just within the last twenty minutes I have read your tribute to Eleanor Saltzman. I am glad that you have so written of her. She was deserving of the good word, but may I be pardoned for calling attention to an error in your report. She came, not to Duke University, but to Drake University, from Mount Ayr, Iowa, if my memory is not at fault. It is correct with reference to her having been here at Drake, where I knew her and where she at times came to me for conferernce with regard to her affairs.

* * *

I am obliged to I. L. Salomon of New York City for the following:

> While doing some research on Oriental poetry in the uptown N. Y. U. Library, I found a masterpiece of exposition and understanding in Curtis Hidden Page's "Japanese Poetry: An Historical Essay with Two Hundred and Thirty Translations." I was delighted with my find until I came on the last paragraph, when Mr. Page ventured a prediction:
>
> "If these poems truly represent—and I feel sure they do—the ideals and character of the Japanese people today, as summed up in their present rulers, then there certainly is no need to fear from them any unprovoked attack on the peace of the world."
>
> These lines were written in 1923, two years after Hirohito became Regent (November 25, 1921) because of his father's ill health. The emperor succeeded his father, Yoshihito, on December 26, 1926, and was crowned in a four-day ceremony, November 10-14, 1928.
>
> What Mr. Page had written bothered him, for in 1932 he made an addendum in his own hand at the bottom of the page:
>
> "In spite of recent events (winter 1931-2), I still believe this last paragraph is true. There are in Japan, as in all nations, different parties, with contradictory aims and ideals; and the military and naval leaders are less under civilian control than in most modern nations. They sometimes get out of hand and act on no authority but their own, as recently in China. I feel sure, however, that what I have said above represents the true character and spirit both of the Imperial family, and the great majority of the Japanese people.
>
> "C. H. P."

Mr. Page had nothing to add after Pearl Harbor. I don't blame the distinguished poet, translator and Orientalist for not making another trip to the N. Y. U. Library. The campus is full of returned vets hitting fungoes on Ohio Field. The old poet, now in his seventy-sixth year, presumably prefers to watch a cherry tree getting ready to burst its buds on some New Hampshire slope this time of season. The cherry, Orientalists say, is the symbol of beauty, and since when did beauty and political prophecy mix?

* * *

Joseph G. Masters, of Hush Hill Farm, Smethport, Pennsylvania, writes to tell me of the following book that anyone fond of the early West would certainly covet:

> *The New York Times* recently recorded the sale of a rare piece of western Americana by William Jewell College to Harvard University. It was a pamphlet entitled "Short Raveling from a Long Yarn, or Camp and Marshes of the Santa Fé Trail," written in 1847 by Richard L. Wilson, and brought "well in excess of $1,000." This sum is considerably; in advance of the amount offered for those two exceedingly valuable volumes, "The Commerce of the Prairies" by Josiah Gregg, long considered the classic account of the Santa Fé Trail.

* * *

And this seems to me a good note

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to end upon, from one who should know:

OH TO BE IN "BARTLETT"
NOW THAT APRIL'S HERE

Today belongs in BARTLETT! If men voted
For changeable sky or air like sugar-cane
Today would be a sonnet often quoted—
A sunny octave, a sestet of rain.
I went to that great Index, where I numbered
36 Mays; April scores 29;
But if Today were added and remembered—
A footnote? or a single lingering line?
O April, month of malady and music!
30 would give one quote for every day,
So I reckoned. With a horrible phthisic
I mumbled hoarsely. In the tub I lay
Deep in hot water, steaming to the gills,
And thinking of my frozen daffodils.

DOVE DULCET.

I admire people who can rhyme phthisic. I admire those more who can spell it. The inexact or assonantal rhyme has now come into its own. But who can rhyme "erysipelas"? I, as you see, can spell it.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

THE SORROWS OF OLD SCRATCH

(*Continued from page 27*)

eternity as an unconscious atom in a molecule of gas. Forget all you've gained, from nuzzling at a warm breast to drowning in the consciousness of Aquinas. Forget and therefore lose forever the taste of spring wind in your throat, the holler of a friend from the next street, the sound of music, the touch of snow, the sight of twilight. Give up remembrance of bonfires built from autumn leaves, the sting of October apples running through your mouth, the ecstacy of lake water on your body in July. Drop from what you know the adventures of Euclid, the breathless promises of Einstein, the new love—coming now like a woman with a full breast—of spiritual physics. Throw away the pleasures you now enjoy so deeply. Go to sleep for eternity, and never even dream!"

He lowered his eyes. "I only want to help you," he said, "in return for the help you have given me. We have worked together before to strengthen the church. Remember the fun we had with Rabelais and Chaucer, with Abélard and Héloïse?"

"We weren't exactly helping with Abélard," I said. "He would have made a good pope."

"No matter. We needed good popes then. I need a saint now and you must be it. No one will suspect you are my brother. I will see that you are not recognized; you will have a following. I don't know where I'll get it but it can be managed. But you must begin immediately; the only hope of salvation for the world is a saint who will lead the common people in a mass demonstration of virtue."

"I know what that means," I said. "Half the population will hang the other half. Aren't there any *real* saints available?"

"A few possibilities—a Negro in Chicago, a student at Harvard, a prostitute in Memphis. They aren't dependable. I must have someone right away; someone who will work with me."

"If they find out who I am—"

"They won't. I'll see to that. When can you begin. Tomorrow?"

"The next day. I must have time to prepare. One more breakfast in bed; one more morning with Lippmann and Mark Sullivan. One more quiet night with John O'Donnell and Raymond Swing."

"Very well. I will meet you at two o'clock on the morning after tomorrow. I will bring you a costume and a set of Loyola's *Spiritual Exercises*."

I groaned and closed my eyes. When I opened them Old Scratch was gone. A wisp of steam eddied from the spot where he had been standing. Sadly I turned to the *Herald Tribune's* leading editorial: ". . . the urgent lesson of the last few months has been the desperate need of procedural machinery—of rules and agencies, both international and within the governments of the great powers, capable of getting agreements and taking action. We need capable men and strong commissions on many levels."

Poor Old Scratch! What chance did he have against capable men and strong commissions on many levels? What could a phoney saint do against a setup like that? Maybe the old fellow would see how hopeless it was and let me off. He did that once before, on the Napoleon job; the little corporal was completely irascible. A few days of this saint business and he would see the nonsense of it. The die was cast; it was already striking the table. Could I change the numbers on its faces?

Contented, I poured the last cup of coffee. I could now see clearly the small type in the *Times*.

THOMAS SUGRUE.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientele; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to exchange of correspondence. Rates: 15 cents per word. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions follow—26 insertions, 10c a word; 13 insertions, 12c a word; 6 insertions, 14c a word. Payment in full must be received fifteen days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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(*Continued on page 48*)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 47)

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PERSONALS

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 633

DEFINITIONS

A. Any of several small whales, as beaked whale, blackfish.
B. Eyebright used by Archangel Michael to purge Adam's vision ("Paradise Lost").
C. Place, time, and action (Lit. comp. and crit.; 2 wds.; with "the").
D. Favorite of Eos, finally changed into a grasshopper (Gr. Myth.)
E. To die; expire (3 wds.; with "up").
F. Mojarra (S. Fla. and W. I.).
G. To examine by stethoscope.
H. English artist and caricaturist (1792-1878; Thackeray and Dickens).
I. Worthless drainings of any kind.
J. Queen of Lydia whom Hercules served three years as a slave (Gr. Myth.).
K. Skuld was one (Teut. Myth.).
L. Member of ancient Palestinian and Syrian people.
M. One of the founders, and later sole editor, of "Punch" (1809-70).
N. Type of Arab sailing ship, notorious in slave trade on east coast of Africa.
O. Play by Shakespeare (with "The").
P. German philosopher of the Absolute (1770-1831).
Q. An endeavor.
R. First name of famous actress in family of American actors (1879-).
S. Driver of a wheeled cart or carriage, usually for hire (India; comp.).
T. Original surname of the poet Byron.
U. One of the simplest of aquatic naked rhizopods.
V. In a manner according to the established rule, standard, etc.
W. Mother of Persephone (Gr. Myth.).
X. Fraught with misfortune or disaster (comp.).

WORDS

146 129 9 168 106 84 153 123 40 162

143 63 170 122 55 59 41 30

178 10 23 77 117 104 60 49 175 56 127 62

44 165 52 182 156 15 81 53

108 174 42 172 151 100 92 24 58 45 169 51 119

64 136 88 103 120 161 180 70 43 132

160 177 73 102 114 142 152

149 118 171 141 138 78 38 28 6 76

167 75 131 137 89 139 148 86 154 50

145 155 37 125 4 82 185

29 183 164 71

21 109 19 159 1 121 90

107 133 65 179 99

61 69 158 91

163 97 33 54 7 111 68

31 166 18 93 184

3 48 130 80 39 134

34 47 79 150 115

72 140 181 67 135 110 124 25 95 173 46 112

22 176 85 116 32 17

14 27 87 11 144 98

57 113 147 12 101 2 128 36

83 126 96 13 157 66 5

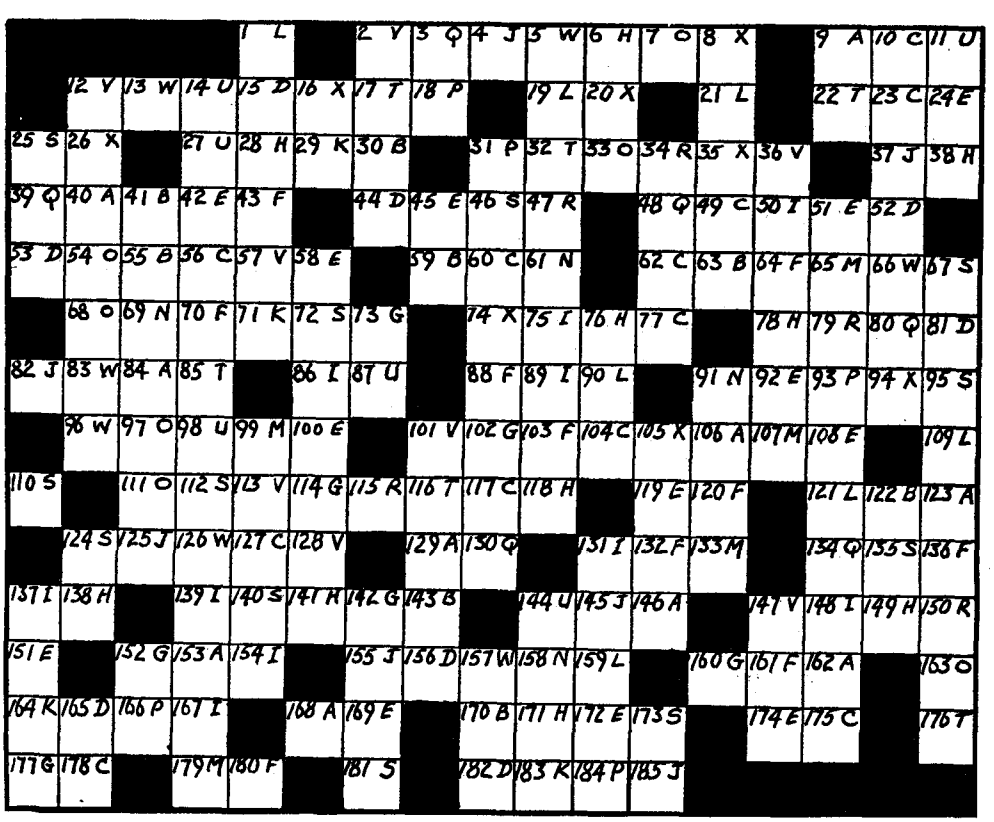
16 35 74 20 105 26 94 8

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 6 of this issue.



The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

THE crumb of comfort I extracted from the supposed discrepancy in the J. W. Riley dates in my two Webster authorities has been short-lived and the situation surely points its moral. Herewith are the facts in reply to my protest:

Upon consulting the standard reference books, we find the 1849 date given just as often as the 1853 date. In only one reference, the 1943 edition of the "Encyclopedia Americana," is there any reference made to any discrepancy. The 1853 date is used and an explanation, v. 23, p. 523, made as follows: "Being one of those who never grow old, Mr. Riley was particularly sensitive on matters pertaining to his age, and the year of his birth is uncertain, some supposing that he was born as early as 1848." Mr. Riley himself used the 1853 date in "Who's Who in America 1914-15." The authoritative biographies use the 1849 date. The Library of Congress is using the 1849 date. In its "Catalog of Books Represented by Library of Congress Cards" seventy-six of the seventy-seven entries use the 1849 date. It is obvious that the catalogers at the Library of Congress have reached the decision that the 1849 date is correct.

Judged by a profile of Robert W. Service, the poet, which appeared recently in *The New Yorker*, his biographers some day will dwell in confusion worse confounded over *his* dates.

You may recall that last summer in this column I told you how my reading has been enriched by an introduction, at the hands of a Mills College professor emeritus, to the writings of John Clare and Edward Thomas. I'd been saving up since then Thomas's "Sedge-Warblers" for the Spring Issue, and meanwhile I did give you a quotation from his wife Helen. For those of you unfamiliar with their lives, I'd like to add at this time that it was our own Robert Frost, on his first visit to England, who, recognizing Thomas's peculiar genius for nature and his lucidity of expressing it, urged him to use poetry as his medium. Whereupon Thomas took the suggestion, and "Sedge-Warblers" is of his brief legacy to us; for he was killed not long afterward in World War I. Incidentally, too, it was England's appreciation of Robert Frost that occasioned the visit and which introduced Frost to his American countrymen. Does anyone reading this column know what has become of Thomas's understanding wife and their three children? In the light of Thomas's erratic, challenging personality and Helen's discernment of life's values, one cannot help but be curious as to the future of his family.

"You have fans in Mexico, too," writes pleasantly Joyce Hartzel Parker, wife of a Britisher of Michoacan. "This less literate one uses all the reference books and is slowly and unintentionally reading the 'Encyclopedia Britannica'."

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By

ROBERT R. NATHAN, OSCAR GASS, DANIEL CREAMER

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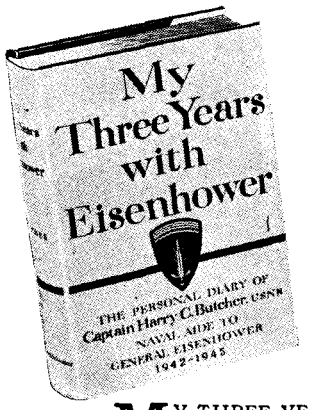


Why is everyone talking about "MY THREE YEARS WITH EISENHOWER"?

MY THREE YEARS WITH EISENHOWER—a truly remarkable book that has immense historical significance, and also is such colorful, interesting reading that it compels attention and creates discussion everywhere. It provides a day-by-day record of the things Eisenhower and his associates did and thought and worried about during the war years. It records the *personal* as well as *official* activities, trials and concerns of the High Command, and the Commander-in-Chief. It reports conferences, arguments and discussions among the world's top leaders, whose conflicting opinions about how the war should be run sometimes left General Ike in the middle.

Here are a few of the things you will find in MY THREE YEARS WITH EISENHOWER.

☛ Why General Ike thought he had pulled one of his greatest mistakes in "our supercautious approach to Italy." *See Page 386*

☛ What happened to General Ike while he "sweated it out" over the Patton incident. *See pages 393-95-96, 403, 417*

☛ What happened when the most important man in England couldn't find a fourth at bridge. *See Page 13*

☛ Why the King and Queen of England crawled on their hands and knees through a low opening in the garden wall. *See Page 17*

☛ Why Churchill raised "holy hell" with Harry Hopkins. *See Page 24*

☛ Why General Ike thought on July 23rd, 1942, that July 22nd, 1942, could well go down as "the blackest day in history." *See Page 29*

☛ Why General Patton said he didn't necessarily want a smart staff. *See Page 47*

☛ The great disagreement between the U. S. and the British in the strategy for "Torch." *See Page 73*

☛ What the Prime Minister picked up in Egypt. *See Page 75*

☛ The mysterious Lieutenant Colonel McGowan, and his most secret mission. *See Page 87*

☛ The number of Germans that Patton *said* he killed personally. *See Page 702*

☛ The circumstances under which Churchill offered to use British soldiers in American uniforms for an assault. *See Page 96*

☛ How we lost the first race for Tunis. *See Page 215*

☛ Why General Darlan wrote a letter to General Ike—which Churchill called pathetic and dignified. *See Page 206*

☛ General Ike's proficiency at cursing and praying. *See Page 438*

☛ Why Marshall was not made Supreme Commander in England and Ike was not returned to the U. S. as Chief of Staff, before the Cross-Channel Expedition. *See Page 454*

☛ A Tip to housewives—"how to get rid of rats." *See Page 460*

☛ How Eisenhower felt about "unconditional surrender." *See Page 518*

☛ "How the Prime Minister Left Algiers," or one of the daffiest and most confused cover plans in history. *See Page 255*

☛ General Ike and Patton discuss toughness. *See Page 287*

☛ What the MP guarding Chief of Staff Beetle Smith's villa in Algiers made him do. *See Page 249*

☛ Who the only two VIP's were who didn't call Eisenhower "Ike." *See Page 251*

☛ The D-Day Minus One conversation between Ike and General Clark as to whether they would be lions or lice. *See Page 165*

☛ The somewhat unmilitary last words of Clark to Giraud before the invasion. *See Page 171*

☛ The private worries of a commander on D-Day. *See Page 177*

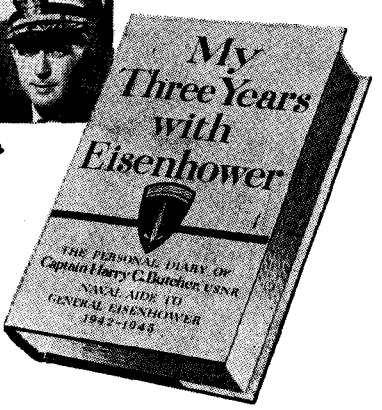
☛ How the SHAEF shoulder patch was designed, and what it symbolized. *See Page 592*

☛ Odd facts about Prime Minister Churchill's brother, John. *See Page 608*

☛ The violent argument that General Ike and Churchill had under an apple tree in Normandy on August 7th, 1944. *See Page 634*

☛ Churchill tells Eden, in a fatherly way, how to make a speech to the House of Commons. *See Page 748*

☛ What General Ike thinks about post-war America. *See Page 820*



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